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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XV.

S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
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NO. 25

EOLIA, CHILD OF THE ANGELS.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM BY KATE OSBORN.

[This poem was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Kate Osborn, of St. Louis, Mo., as rapidly as a swift penman could take it down, and without break or hesitation.]

In the spring time, near a river,
Where the laughing waters play,
O'er the tangled grass and lilies,
Making music all the day;
Where the crystal, singing waters
Murmur on the midnight air,
Mystic thoughts no words could utter—
Thoughts that only linger there.

Thoughts that vibrate tender heart-strings
When the heart is tuned to love;
With a thrilling chant of longing,
Rising to the stars above;
Up among the amber arches,
Through the dreamy shimmering light,
In a floating bark of fancy,
On the silent waves of night;

Where the mosses near the river
Weave a carpet fresh and green,
Softly touched with varied shadings,
By a brush no eye hath seen;
Where the mosses fringe the branches
Of the graceful bending trees,
Draping o'er the glistering foliage,
Waving in the scented breeze;

Where the early snow-drops blossom—
Telling Summer draweth near—
Like pure thoughts that picture heaven,
Angels from a higher sphere;
Where the little tender violets
Ever first in spring time bloom,
Come to gem the mossy carpets,
Bringing beauty and perfume.

Here, where only Nature's artist
With a skill unknown to earth,
Made an Eden, full of beauty,
Gave to stream and flow'et birth;
Here amid these glowing beauties
Dwelt a maiden young and fair;
Soft and dreamy were her blue eyes,
Golden-threaded was her hair.

O'er her brow and 'cross her temple
Ever flashed a halo bright,
When her footstep pressed the mosses,
Quickly followed sparks of light.
In her hand the birdlings nestled,
Taken from their mother's nest,
Warbling 'neath her fond caresses;
Only feeling joy and rest.

For this strange, weird child of nature
Had a secret none could tell;
All things seemed to know and love her,
She with all things seemed to dwell.
Hearts were fonder, flowers sweeter
'Neath the love-light in her eyes;
All around grew fresher, brighter,
From the grasses to the skies.

Through the sunlight 'neath the storm-cloud
Where the angry lightning dash,
In the valley, on the mountain,
Where the tolling thunders crash;
Still Eolia, sweet, harmonious,
Calmly traced her winding way,
Waiting back the veil of darkness,
Hastening on the dawn of day.

In her home—a rustic cottage—
Woven o'er with ivy vines,
Where the honeysuckle greeted,
Wreathing door and window-blinds,
Where the spring birds wooed and mated,
Singing forth their carol wild,
Here, with all to make life sweetest,
Dwelt the fair, mysterious child.

With her fond and loving parents,
Who were ever telling o'er
How their darling talked with angels,
Fitting by the cottage door.
O'er her brow the halo brightened,
Like the sunlight in the sky,
Gleaming mid her golden tresses
As the angels flitted by.

Then her blue eyes grew more dreamy,
Ever glancing far away
As she whispered, listen, hear them,
On their golden harps they play.
See the atmosphere is ruffled—
They are gliding on the air,
Gently sailing, I must hasten,
I must meet the angels there.

In the midnight oft she wandered,
Ever near the river side,
Softly answering the voices—
Voices floating on the tide.
Far away across the river
Magic stories oft were told,
How Eolia brought glad tidings
From the city paved with gold.

Many heard and sought the maiden,
Hoping for a word of love
From the dear ones long departed—
From the angel realms above.
All who came received a greeting
From the loved ones heaven-born,
Telling friends to cease their weeping—
To rejoice and not to mourn.

Like a soft harp, sweet Eolia,
Where the night winds loved to play,
With a cadence rich, melodious,
Like the woodland songster's lay,
So communed each spirit loved one
In their old familiar tone,
Giving words of cheer and comfort,
Murmuring "You are not alone,

"We are ever watching o'er you
As the stars shine in the sky,
Ever striving to preserve you
From life's crushing storms are nigh;
Soon the frost of disappointment
All earth's rosy buds will blight;
Brightest days of earthly dawning
Each must close in sorrow's night."

"Flowers bloom to droop and wither;
Em'rald leaves lie on the ground;
Sweetest incense cold winds scatter;
Soon no perfume breath is found.
Coral vines that now are weaving
Bowers for the young and fair,
Sombre autumn tints will gather,
Shading all of Summer there."

Hearts are strung to thrill and vibrate
With the tones of hope and love;
Heartstrings one by one are broken
Echoing on the shores above.
There where angels catch the echo
Of each heart-string, as it breaks,
Sound unknown to earthly mortals
Quickly angel love awakes.

"Grow not weary, weeping pilgrims,
We have crossed the starlit tide—
Found our withered buds and blossoms
Blooming on the other side.
Darling loved ones—now they nestle
In our bosoms as of yore,
Clinging closer since we parted,
Since we met to part no more."

"All the glory words have painted,
All by ardent brush portrayed
In the brightest glowing colors,
All like dreamy shadows fade
In the gorgeous dazzling splendor,
In the brilliant, sparkling light,
In the glit'ring jeweled temples
Of the world that knows no night."

"Here there is no fading beauty,
No dark shadows veil the sky,
Where in amber tints are written
Words to hush each weary sigh.
Ivory arches, all transparent,
Close with gold-work interlaced,
Form an ivory tablet bower
Where pure records are all traced."

PART III.

We glide through a grove where the vibrating
trees
Make Eolian harps in the musical breeze,
With melody sweet, with a cadence so low,
Ever hushing the tides of dark memory that
flow
Through hearts of the weary, worn children
of earth,
Whose sad thoughts linger still in their heaven-
ly birth.

Recalling the past with its sighs and its tears
To the loved who have wept through long,
long weary years.
Whose drapery of gloom has been woven so
long
That not even the joy of the bright angel
through
Can cheer the sad heart that is laden with woe
By the storm-clouds of grief ever breaking
below.

But now in Eolian Grove they will rest,
Where the musical tide o'er the weary, worn
soul
Is weaving a spell that will banish all grief,
While the heart finds repose 'neath each mur-
muring leaf.

We rove by a lake where the waves answer
thought,
In its pure crystal depths a soft answer is
wrought
To every emotion that dwells in the heart,
Though long sacredly kept from the cold
world apart.

Dear faces and forms in the old beloved home
All arise from the lake in its crystalized form;
And there is reflected what passes below—
The home lights and home shadows all equally
show.

Home lights with their pleasures—we share
them all still,
And home shadows of darkness yet make our
hearts thrill;
But mirrors of knowledge throw out to the
view
Brightest scenes for the grieving, the loving,
the true.

This lake (°), Home Eureka is called by the
band
Of sad spirits who grieved in the bright (°)
Summer Land.
Still here on the breast of these waters so clear
All of home was reflected, each smile and each
tear.

We stand on a shore where the parted ones
meet,
Where the soft floating echoes of light angel
feet
Go out on the air like the harp's sweetest
strains
In the chorus of welcome on Paradise Plains.

This shore with its evergreen banks and its
rills,
Where the waves in each shell softly murmur
their trills,
Where Summer-land birds gorgeous plumage
and,
As they sweep through the cloudlets of purple
and gold.

This shore, (°) Reulana was christened in love
By those parted on earth reunited above;
Where amber banks anchor and banners un-
furled,
While the waves kiss the oars made of coral
and pearl.

The barks hail from home o'er the swift
rolling tide,
They have brought our loved—mother, sister
and bride,
And thus they will come till the dear house-
hold band
Shall forever unite in the bright Summer-
land.

Thus spoke the loved spirits of friends passed
away,
Giving hope to earth's children through each
weary day.
Removing the shadows of grief and of fear,
When the child of the angels, Eolia was near.

And still in the valley where soft breezes sigh,
Where the moss bordered river runs musically
by,
There sweet angel-voices now float on the tide,
While Eolia still glides by the calm river side.

• Home, I have found it.
• Home of the angels.
• Reunion of hearts.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE.

BY D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

Delivered in the Congregational Church, St. Charles, Ill., February 13th, 1874, at the funeral of Dr. BARNES COOK, of that place, who departed this life, February 10th, in the 75th year of his age.

After reading the poem on the 54th page of "Poems of the Inner Life," he announced, as the foundation of his remarks, the third verse of the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah—
"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they may be called trees of righteousness; the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

And then proceeded as follows:—
It has been the common lot of individuals in all ages of the world, to pass away after fulfilling the measure of their days as determined by the accidents and incidents of life and death. Change belongs to the eternal law of progress; and the changing events incident to human life, serve the purposes of landmarks to point out the various stages of the soul's progress in unfolding.

The young are taken away! Through ignorance of the laws of unfolding, the germs of early decay were planted in their organisms, and "the flower was nipped in the bud," and grief enshrouded the household.

The middle aged pass from this stage of existence! Some violation of the organic law has undermined the foundation of the physical habitation, and broken down the walls thereof, and the lamentations of sadness are passed from the lips of sorrowing friends, and their eyes are dimmed with the burning tears of grief.

The man whose head is frosted with the snows of many winters—who has lived to a ripe old age, and borne the heat of many summers, grows feeble—the scenes which inspired his earlier life, fail to yield him pleasure now—the satisfaction resulting from sturdy labor no longer comes to him—care becomes a burden—his once clear perceptions seem blunted—his former elastic step becomes weak and tottering, and he leans upon his staff—his entire physical energies gradually fail him, and "the spirit that quickeneth" gradually withdraws itself from the control of the external organs of sense, the mind also seems enfeebled by the weight of years, and he severs his connection with his dilapidated and untenable habitation and passes on, while the mantle of sadness enfolds those left behind.

Reference was had to such conditions as these, when the prophet uttered the words of our text:—
"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion," literally, when taken in connection with the last clause of the preceding verse—"to comfort all that mourn," means to ordain comfort unto all them that mourn in Zion; and this conclusion is fully sustained by what follows in the text.

"To give unto them beauty for ashes!" Referring here, doubtless, to the decay of the physical body, which in the earlier ages of humanity seemed so terrible, and the contemplation of which threw such a horror over the minds of those uneducated in the science of immortality, and in the precepts of nature through which the progress of the soul was unfolded, the prophet turns their attention from the insured ashes to the loveliness and beauty of the freed spirit, and proclaims liberty to the captive soul, and the opening of the prison house of clay to the bound spirit.

"The oil of joy for mourning." For friends dry, for the time, your tears. Let your sighs of sorrow cease and your sobs of grief be hushed, and for a moment let the imprisoned senses of your souls be released, that you may hear beyond the ken of the outer senses.

Refer to the period when you were gathered around the bed side of your brother, whose remains now lie before us, as if by the touch of the death-angel's hand, and then extend your internal soul-powers beyond the shores of the mortal to the beautiful land of immortality, whose evergreen shores betoken life and vigor, ever growing and eternal.

And now with me, look and listen. See that group of lovely children, arrayed in white robes, with chaplets of flowers, and wearing wreaths which look as beautiful as the robes they have been woven out of mingled sunbeams and roses.

Behold again the angel forms of beauty of those noble men and women, whose countenances shine with the beaming wisdom of that diviner life, gathering with those children in

grand procession, arrayed as for some festive occasion.
Listen! The bells of the glorious temples of truth are chiming with notes of gladness, and bands of celestial music discourse with harmonies yet unknown to earth's joyous strains.

What means this vision?
Turn again for a moment, and follow that golden ray of light shining through all the gloom of earth's sorrow, down to the cottage of our departing friend, and you will find by his bedside a group of "ministering spirits," such as are "sent to minister to those who shall become heirs of salvation." They are there to assist in the processes of reparation and formation, and to bear the freed immortal spirit to the golden and evergreen shores of the Summer-land.

And what we have before witnessed in that land, were the preparations to receive and welcome home our seed brother.

It was an occasion of general joy and rejoicing—that one whose life in the form had been crowned with so ripe an age—whose days had all been marked by acts of kindness, and whose spirit had been expanded into communion with the world of spirit beyond the transitory scenes of this life, was to become an inhabitant of that land forever.

Hence, they had congregated to "meet him at the river," and to manifest their universal respect for his integrity, uprightness, humanity and goodness. And they have given this vision to furnish "the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Often previous to his last illness our aged brother had talked about the change through which he has now passed, with as much familiarity, and with as little fear as he would converse about the ordinary affairs of every day life, and has often expressed himself ready and willing to go whenever the death angel should come with his golden key to open before him the gateway that leads to eternal life.

And during his last hours on the earth, his conversation from the death of the physical body, his spirit—simply—from the clayey tenement which belongs only to this earthly sphere, was witnessed by a clairvoyant who was present. He saw the white-robed "messenger" of whom we have already spoken,—six in number, who were standing as the spirit was passing from the head and chest, looking at first like a vapor or mist gradually rising and taking form above the head. When this process was completed, a beautiful female spirit approached our now spirit brother, clothed in pure white, wearing a head-dress of a wreath of flowers, mostly white, resting upon the right shoulder and crossing to the left hip, bearing in her hands another wreath with a large and beautiful white flower in the center, and with this she crowned our "husband."

He then made an audible expression in his attempt to express his thankfulness, and severing his connection from the now to him useless body, they all floated away, to be received by the procession already spoken of, which had assembled on the other shore to "welcome him home." Thus we put away "The Spirit of Heaviness," to be crowned with the wreath of undying love, and to be clothed with the garment of everlasting praise.

And this, the prophet assures us, is all to be done—that they may be called trees of righteousness; the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

By "trees of righteousness," we are given to understand that soul growth is steady, progressive and eternal; for we are told that the leaves of the trees which grow along the banks of "The River of Life" never fade; and as the tree spreads its roots, increases its bulk and extends its branches year by year, so shall the soul increase in righteousness in that land of undying verdure.

For are not all souls planted of the Lord? Doth not the Scripture say, "For are not all souls mine, saith the Lord?"
And again—"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." And still again—"For we are also his offspring."

Being, then, "Children of God,"—offspring of the Infinite Father,—we can exclaim with Jesus, "I and my Father are One." We in God and God in us—God all and in all.

Therefore, being planted by him we shall not wither, but ranging each in our appropriate sphere, we shall continue to advance in light, to increase in knowledge, to progress in wisdom, and to grow in righteousness; receiving constantly beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

For the ashes of the earthly form have been cast aside to moulder and give place to their kinder affinities in the mineral kingdom; and the spirit, clad in the beautiful garments of the spirit land, goes on gathering new beauties from every act of kindness and at every advancing step of progress; and as it rises, from the errors of the past, to conscious integrity and goodness, it receives the "oil of joy," laying aside all "mourning," and still progressing on, "the spirit of heaviness," like the pack of errors which Christian carried strapped upon his back; is rolled off, and his soul is clad in the shining "garment of everlasting praise."

The lesson derived from our subject is plain. It matters not so much when we die, where we die, or how we die, as how we have lived. Life here is a preparatory stage to fit us to enter upon the life hereafter, and when we cross over the river we shall not be changed as individuals by death, but will land there just as we left here.

It is our duty, therefore, to do good unto all according as we have opportunity, for the true

progress of the soul depends upon unselfish acts of kindness, thereby enlarging our own to their fullest capacity, increasing our knowledge and using that knowledge in the best possible manner for our own good and the good of humanity. And we should do good, not so much for the sake of reward, as for its own sake; for the highest reward we shall ever have will be the conscious knowledge of doing good.

And now, to the friends we would say: Grieve not that our aged brother has gone. But he has not gone away never to return. The same love for his friends, the same spirit of kindness which once actuated his soul, still exists. They are not dead. The lying aside the body has not destroyed them, but by releasing the imprisoned spirit and enlarging its powers, as it gathers the beauties of truth and wisdom in that diviner life, they will be increased and attenuated a thousand fold; and he will ever be near you and ready to assist you whenever you may need his counsel and his aid, if you will only be calm and place yourselves in a condition for him to manifest himself, giving to each of you, as you may have need, "the oil of joy for mourning; the mantle of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and when you shall be called to pass away, he will be one of those who will meet you in that procession on the other shore, to conduct you through the evergreen fields of grandeur and glory to the home prepared for you in that eternal world; where, robed in undying beauty, in a realm of increasing joy, and covered with the mantle of everlasting praise, you can roam forever and ever, studying the expanding wisdom of the Infinite.

A Haunted House for Bro. John Sphers.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—I see in the columns of your excellent JOURNAL, that Bro. Sphers desires a haunted house, and as many people may judge him by their own nervous timidity, and thereby neglect to respond to his wants, I wish to say to him that it will not be necessary for him to put up with some old dilapidated and deserted tenement in which hobgoblins hold high carnival and make very hideous to the passer-by, for I don't think such an one would be agreeable.

It is said by some that I have a haunted house. For the last five or six years, my family and self have been ear-witnesses to various and innumerable sounds, voices, and other phenomena, proceeding from no visible source. These ghostly noises, if such I may call them, date back some ten years, and seemingly attended my wife's footsteps. They were repeated, but seldom at first, but more recently, or about five years ago, became very frequent and more definite, and so much more powerful that we could disregard them no longer. Many times have I sallied forth from my bed and ransacked the premises in vain, searching for the source of these nocturnal disturbances, for it could not be, for they were dead. But constant dropping wears away the rock, and the invisible spirits or ghosts, together with the assistance of some mediumistic friends, have convinced me that man never dies, and that his home in the angel world is not so far from us as we have generally been taught to believe. Our oldest daughter has become so subject to the will or power of these invisibles, that they sometimes throw her into a half-conscious state in the school room, and solve a problem for her over which she had pondered ineffectually. At other times, they come to her in the open field, and in broad daylight, and talk to her, telling her their names, places of residence, etc. One of these she describes as a young Indian; another as a beautiful Indian girl; another as her Uncle Dan; another as an old lady with a red nose on her nose, who tells her that she is my mother; and so on, including old and young, large and small, in great numbers. Some of them tell her that they have been making the disturbances around us, and did it to convince us that they still live.

She has been lifted several inches off her chair, and carefully placed back into it. When milking, the ground being muddy, she has been suspended in the air, and on starting to "mud," and carried forward about one rod. The same thing was repeated when she was returning to the house. The spirits sometimes use her hand and write out most endearing messages, to different members of the family, and often use her organism and talk with us in a very familiar manner, in different languages. On many occasions, in cases of sickness, they use her hand and write out prescriptions, all of which we have tried, have had the desired effect. I almost forgot to mention the fact that on some occasions, when under the control of an Indian, she has improvised and sung songs in Indian language, and immediately after an Indian girl, purporting to be his cousin, has controlled the medium and rendered the same in English, which for mild melody and beauty of sentiment, at least equal any I have ever listened to.

I would say to Bro. Sphers that I am willing to sell to him my haunted house, but am willing for him to come and enjoy it with us.

A. M. CUMMINS.

Gardner, Kan.

A superannuated minister says, "I have been guilty of doing one thing for which the church will not forgive me, I have grown old."

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

Religion—Florence McCarthy.

Sixty-one thousand ministers, God's holy mouth-pieces—so considered—in the United States! Some are in the strictly north, some in the west, the land of prairie blossoms, while others are in the south where the orange boughs are fanned by the ocean breeze. We presume it is not impossible for Him to give expression to his ideas through this vast army of which he is Commander-in-chief. He caused a contrary, contumacious and rebellious angel to speak as he desired, and a whole to afford a happy receptacle for one of his prophets, and we have no doubt, that under favorable conditions, he could cause sixty-one thousand ministers to give utterance to words as much his own as those uttered by that long-earred brute.

Since the days of the rebellious Jonah, the patient Job, the articulating serpent, and speaking Ass, men have arisen who are trying to superintend the works of creation on this mundane sphere, and who can tell you the kind of material the streets of heaven are paved with, the texture of the dress of angels, the kind of harps they thrum, and the character of the wings adjusted to their sides. This knowledge that they claim to possess, is, however, mere conjecture. At present we have no Truthometer to apply to the different tongues of the astute interpreters of God's holy word, in order to measure the correctness of what they say. We have our microscopes, telescopes, barometers, thermometers, spectroscopes, "horoscopes," but as yet no one has invented a Truthometer. In this city, we have Florence McCarthy. He is a reverend, and a man of great talent. He has officiated for some time in the pulpit of the Baptist church. His tongue, however, is filthy, and his soul, judging from his own language, has never been washed in the blood of Christ. We think it would take a big barrel of the blood of Jesus, to make his soul clean enough to form a shirt for a respectable person to wear.

We give an extract from his sermon lately delivered in the Park street Baptist church, of this city. It is vulgar, we know, but how can we show our readers the character of some of these mouth-pieces of God, without publishing what they say. It is as follows:

"The next point I shall mention is science. Science is always at work showing what people are made of. I take for instance, chemistry. How wonderful are the processes of chemistry by which every sort of guilt is overtaken. The other day it was suspected that tea was being adulterated with iron to make it weigh heavier; the chemists analyzed it, and found the presence of iron, but they carried their researches so far that it was found the presence of iron was owing to the tea being grown in a district where the soil was oxidized. There is the microscope. Every drygoods man has a microscope to look at the cloth that he buys to see what it is made of; every banker or merchant has one, to see if his notes be not counterfeit. By the microscope, the hair on a bloody ax was discovered to be that of a Norwegian rat, and examined two years afterward, the same report was made, thus saving the suspected man from the gallows. How wonderful are the developments of the spectroscopes. Cerurus is leaving us at the rate of thirty miles per minute, and the Milky Way is resolved into mist. In the science, of toxicology, the spectroscopes has accomplished marvels. There is no telling what this spectroscope will do in time. I tell you, when the time is coming when they will take the tear out of a man or woman's eye, and tell whether it is a crocodile tear or not! I believe the time is coming when they will take the spitte out of a woman's mouth, and tell whether she has lied. I believe the time is coming, when the law that the adulterer has wiped his hand on a month after his crime, shall be taken, and by means of the spectroscopes, his offense shall be proven. [Sensation.] For God is in league against the devil and his emissaries, and more and more will tear the mask from off the face of the liar, the slanderer, the whore-monger, the adulterer."

One peculiarity about this divine, he is bold, supercilious and defiant. He defies his congregation, and huris back innuendoes upon them enough to bury them in oblivion. But, then, having no Truthometer to apply to his tongue or rub over his heart, we can not give an authoritative opinion in regard to his reliability.

Preaching has become a profession. Men study Genesis and Revelations, Jonah, Job and Balaam, in order to become teachers, when they can learn nothing therefrom that can in the least degree benefit humanity. The fact that Job had boils, that the serpent walked erect, that God became a tailor, that all the dust of a certain district was once turned into lice, that the Lord dined on calf, wrestled with Jacob, put lying spirits in the mouths of all the prophets,—all this knowledge would beget diet for a starving soul, and of little use in furnishing clothes for those poorly clad. Practical knowledge is beneficial. A sermon on charity is a burlesque when the ideas advanced don't assume a practical shape. Give a starving man a nice-soup theory on the beauties of benevolence, and you insult him! Present a person poorly clad, with a Bible instead of good clothes, and you make a fool of yourself. A sermon to the poor should consist of coal, food and clothing. Verbal sermonizing is a nuisance. He who only builds air castles, is no benefit to himself or humanity.

If we are to have preaching, let it be of the practical kind. A minister with a ham on his shoulder, relieving a destitute family, looks more dignified than when standing in a pulpit singing psalms, or interpreting the musty records of the Bible. An interpretation of nature, is far more desirable than a proper understanding of the parables of the Bible. A knowledge of the saving qualities of water, is far more necessary than a full understanding of the saving qualities of the blood of Jesus.

We want truth—a Truthometer too; such an instrument would stop slander, vituperation and abuse, and would banish solemn oaths from Courts of Justice. When a man had given in his testimony, the judge could apply the Truthometer to his tongue and see if he had told the truth.

At present the world is not in harmony with Deity. Evidently there is something wrong somewhere. The world can not strike the note in which he is in sympathy. That is bad! All objects in nature, in fact every object in existence, is in harmony with a certain note of the chromatic scale. God likes music, else Methodists would not have sung,

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

It was no wild suggestion of the violinist that he could fiddle the iron bridge at Colebrook Dale (then in process of construction). The workmen dared him to do it. Then he roined his bow, became calm and harmonious within himself, and then produced from the strings of his instrument beautiful music. He finally succeeded in touching a note with which the bridge was in sympathy, and it commenced to vibrate, and would have been jostled in pieces, if he had not desisted at the request of the workmen. All objects in existence can be set in motion if you can touch the note in music with which they are in harmony. That experiment of the violinist was worth a dozen sermons on justification by faith, or hell-torment. A note from the violin sounds as sacred to Deity as the music of your voice expounding the ancient fire that took place at Sodom and Gomorrah. We rather listen to "Pop goes the Weasel" played on the piano, than hear a Catholic divine sing a "Pater Noster." Worship by music is ten times more elevating than worship by word of mouth.

Archimedes said he could move the world if he had a fulcrum, on which his lever could rest; and a celebrated musician said he could set the stars to dancing if he could only strike a note with which they were in sympathy. We think, however, that he was wild in his speculations on that subject. It is true that every object in the material world is in sympathy with some note, and it will respond thereto in vibrations. Tyndall, the English Philosopher, tells us that the Swiss mountaineers muzzle their mules' bells, fearing that vibrations of the tinkling would bring an avalanche down from the mountain side. A sermon on this subject would be highly entertaining and instructive, for how do we know that there is not some note a violinist can strike, that will touch a tender chord in Deity's nature, and cause him to cease watching the sparrows, and pay a little more attention to his own children. We would respectfully suggest to him, (the Orthodox God we mean) that destitution exists on all sides. The following is one out of the many examples of the sufferings to which the poor of Philadelphia are subjected this winter. Late one Sunday afternoon, the attention of officers Hussey and Rutherford was directed to the case of a widow, Mrs. Stinson, who, with four children, the eldest of whom is but 6 years, occupied a small room in the rear of No. 1008 Heasbore Street. The room was in a wretched condition, with the window-panes out, doors cracked, and without furniture or fire. When visited, the family were found huddled in a corner almost in a state of nudity, half a dozen, and nigh dead with hunger. They had not eaten for several days, and the unfortunate mother prayed for death to relieve herself and little ones from their terrible sufferings. They were relieved, by a charitable association.

Prayers availed her nothing,—they didn't touch a sympathetic chord in the prayer-answering God's nature! Music might have brought a response, if a note could have been struck, coinciding with one of the harmonics of his soul. A drinking glass has been broken, by sounding with the human voice its fundamental note! It is said that the disaster at the Pemberton Mills in Lawrence was caused by the motion of the machinery which coincided with the harmonics of the building. Why not fiddle our way into the affection of this prayer-answering God, who is so engaged in numbering your hairs that he can't attend to the poor suffering ones of earth!

Ah! we need more practical work and less theorizing! God never did, nor can he, answer a prayer. The whole world can not change the purposes of his divine will. Grandly forward the wheels of creation move: new worlds are created, old ones dissipated, and animated life is being awakened on all sides, yet no one can change the divine order, or improve thereon. We worship the true God, adore him with all our heart, and acknowledge his authority, but the being which humanity worships is a myth, an imposition, has no existence only in the imagination, and no more influence than a man of straw.

Old Rats Instinctively Flee from Old Rotten Sinking Ships.

Our readers will remember that the celebrated Dr. P. B. Randolph, in his speech at the infamous Moses Woodhull Convention, held at Chicago last fall, fled fast to the social freedom craft. "Now and forever" was his emphatic declaration of faith in the name of Utah, which Territory Victory Woodhull Blood, alias Harvey, assigned him to represent.

But the Doctor now, at this late day, finds the craft he so dashingly went aboard of, is not sea-worthy; that all below deck, is foul and fed with rottenness, so much so that the exhalations are breeding pestilential fevers, and the crew are dying off daily—scarcely one of the subordinates who were so wrothy in their extollations of the freedom enjoyed on board that craft, at the time of Dr. Randolph's shipment, are heard at all.

Just for the sake of recruiting their health, many are taking quiet furloughs over the mountains to the Pacific Coast. But like Diakhs, there exhales a terrible stench from them, a natural consequence of their exorbitant freedom in changes of love, which precedes them, and on their arrival the people as of old cry out, "Unclean, unclean! Away, away! We want you not, nor will we give you audience." Poor devils, ten times more to be deplored in their condition than the lepers of old Jewry. A list of those names can be found in that purulent sheet, known as Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly. They are the ones who have pledged themselves to speak for no society that rejects Woodhullism. Wonder! full! They always now-a-days find "honors easy." No society that has any self respect will engage them!

But not to lose sight of Dr. Randolph—the gentleman so recently representing Utah, and lieutenant (only second in command to Moses the would-be-martyr), on board the ship "Social Freedom," begins to see the deplorable condition of the craft, and the terrible repulsive condition of the diseased crew, (all of whom, together with the old "Ankle" must soon go down beneath the green waves of oblivion, which are now yawning to receive them) like other old rats fleeing from sinking ships, begins to cast about for new quarters. Hear his wail. One would think from the following letter, that he was just awaking from a nine days puppyhood; that he was just getting his eyes open; that he had been troubled with the softs, and did not know until now that the "Col. Blood" and Victoria C. Woodhull, were veritable chameleons that change color at pleasure; mask and unmask, as well as love and change love when, where and with whom they please, *ad libitum!* Poor innocent listen to him:

S. S. JONES—Is it actually true,—that "Dr. Harvey Story" is the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL? If so, then where shall we look for truth? Is it possible that what Cotton elicited on the last day of the convention, is out-topped, and scores of thousands are being severely couched, for mental cautery? I have chosen to remain silent, though entirely misunderstood on both sides; but if what the JOURNAL says is true, may the most merciful and compassionate God speedily send us a captain to lead us up out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. I like free speech, fair play and open discussion; but Cotton and Harvey et al are rather too big a pill, even for the most capacious maw. Can't understand it. I want more light.

P. B. RANDOLPH.

This new letter that Randolph has added to the Wood-Hull social freedom alphabet—letter *vent*—as the boy said when he lost his hen, will tell sorely on the Woodhull-Severance meeting, adjourned from Elgin to meet in Chicago. Randolph who was to have been the whitest and sweetest rose of the gathering has rammed the ranch!

Moses the martyr must be summoned forth, and no "no" must be accepted, and no official return of non est must be allowed!

Attention! 25-Cent Three Months Trial Subscribers!

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is the only paper published in America devoted to Spiritualism, that openly repudiates *free-love*, and shows it to be a filthy parasite, and denounces Moses-Woodhullism as debasing in theory, and in practice, and fraught with disease and death most horrible to contemplate.

It is a fact that the inhabitants of the spiritual sphere are making a very great effort to open up a general communication between departed friends, and those whom they have left behind.

Angelic fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and children are all rushing forward and using the means now at hand, for communion with mourning friends of earth. They do come and teach us great and valuable lessons. They tell us where the spirit's home is, and the nature of it, their occupations and mode of life.

The recent unprecedented demand for the JOURNAL, by a class of readers who never before took a spiritual paper, induces its proprietor and editor-in-chief, to make the following new proposition to all three months' trial subscribers.

To the end of bringing this knowledge home to the comprehension of millions who are now groping in darkness, in regard to the next life,

we propose to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, broadcast over the world, in accordance with

THIS NEW PROPOSITION.

Every three months' trial subscriber whose time is not up, will receive the JOURNAL three months longer for TWENTY FIVE CENTS, provided he sends two new twenty five cent three months' subscribers. It matters not whether he pays for trial subscribers and donates them to some friends, or gets his neighbors to subscribe and sends their names and money in, as thousands have already done. Secondly, any three months' trial subscriber can have the JOURNAL three months longer for fifty cents, without sending any new trial subscribers.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this new proposition must be accepted by sending the money at least two weeks before the time is up on the first trial subscription, which can be seen by reference to the colored tags on each paper, which states exactly the time to which the paper is already paid for.

The reason is this, we have every subscriber's name in the regular mail list. If the renewal comes before that is taken out, it costs but little to make the change, and there will not be a single paper missed. But if neglected until the subscriber's name is taken out of the mail list, the expense of doing so and re-getting will be increased, and there will be two or three weeks that the subscribers will fail to get the paper.

The sooner the terms of this new proposition are complied with, the better it will be for all concerned.

This new proposition does not, in the least, interfere with the TWENTY FIVE CENT THREE MONTHS' proposition which has been standing for two months last past, and will remain open for trial subscribers until further notice.

We were never so forcibly impelled on in any work in our life as we are in this. We care not for the pecuniary loss, even if our numbers of trial subscribers are swelled to hundreds of thousands. We look forward to the "good time coming," when the whole world shall realize the fact that, "though a man die he shall live again;" not only that, but Heaven and its inhabitants are within speaking distance, and intercourse is complete between the spiritual and material planes of life!

Come, friends, wake up to the noble work! Roll in the trial subscriptions and the trial renewal, on these most liberal terms, and we will give you fresh news from the supernal spheres, news from the loved ones gone before that shall warm the hearts and cheer the despondent souls of the millions of mourners through the land.

Let the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, go to every hamlet as well as to the palatial residences, and all places of business wherever the English language is spoken. A simultaneous effort by all lovers of the truth, will speedily accomplish a mighty revolution in public sentiment upon the subject of the after life.

Street Car Stop and Start.

It is claimed for this invention that it overcomes the enormous inertia that is necessary for the horse to do when street cars are to be started from a standing position. It has been the great desideratum of parties interested in street railroads, ever since their inception, to secure some device which would utilize some of the motion of the cars, so as to make it available when they are to be stopped and started again. We are all familiar with the great strain to which the horses of a street car are subjected, in starting cars,—halted as they are frequently to admit the ingress and egress of passengers—and have no doubt admitted the advantage which such an invention would be to horseflesh,—viewed even from one of our standpoint than a humanitarian one. E. O. Trueblood, of this city, has shown us an invention of his which he claims will accomplish this result of husbanding part of the momentum of the moving car, to be again made available in starting it. The peculiarity of this invention consists in an attachment of springs, belts and gearing, but involving no complexity of mechanism, attached to the axles of the car. By the movement of a lever controlled by the driver from either platform, the momentum of the moving car is gathered up in a powerful spring attached, as before said, to the axle of the car. As soon as driver is halted by a passenger, or warned by the conductor's bell, the momentum of the car is gathered up by this spring; and very little time is required for this, for by proper arrangement of length of spring and diameter of wheel, sufficient tension can be given the spring in a shorter distance than the length of the car. The car is stopped in the usual manner. As soon as the car is to be moved, the driver simply disengages a lever at his side and the elasticity of the spring gives such an impetus to the car that the "dead weight" is moved by the horses is reduced to a minimum.

The construction of the working model, as shown in our office, has certainly the merit of simplicity. There are no complicated parts. It has been hoped for years that the inventive genius of some enterprising person would devise some means by which poor horseflesh might be saved—at least in this one particular—namely, the frequent starting of cars loaded down with passengers, on such smooth pavements that it is with the greatest difficulty the poor horses are able to get foot-hold sufficient to move their enormous loads. This invention is also used as a brake to stop the car.

We wish Mr. Trueblood success with his invention. He has every reason to be encouraged with his working model—it fills a want that has been a subject of interest to street car companies ever since the inception of this mode of travel.—The Register.

Old Father Trueblood is an acquaintance of long years ago. He is upwards of seventy years of age, and a poor man.

We are in receipt of a letter from him in regard to this invention, in which he says it was given him early one morning long before daylight. He found himself restless, got up, and built a fire in the stove, and while sitting there without any light, his room became brilliantly illuminated, and he saw a perfect model of this invention, every part of which was so deeply impressed upon his mind that he had no trouble in constructing a perfect working copy of the same, on which the Patent Office

Department unhesitatingly granted him a patent,—another answer to the oft repeated inquiry, "What is there good and practical that comes out of Spirit Communism?"

Our venerable brother is a devoted Spiritualist. He will answer the supercilious question above referred to. From a similar spirit showing came the ordinary track scraper, attached to all horse cars in snowy latitudes, to clear it from snow. We have forgotten the name of the inventor. He came to our PUBLISHING HOUSE with his model before it had ever been applied to a running car. Now it is deemed indispensable in all countries subject to snow storms. We might enumerate thousands of valuable inventions that have been given by similar spirit showing.

Any one having means to invest, who feels desirous of taking an interest in this invention, provided upon inspection it is deemed practical, can address us upon the subject.

The inventor will be at this PUBLISHING HOUSE as long with a working model for exhibition. All who write to us in view of becoming interested in the invention will be informed when they can come and see it.—Ed. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A Spiritualistic Colony.

A singular report comes duly authenticated from Barnard, on the line of the Port Scott Road, about fifty or sixty miles south of Kansas City.

"It appears from the Kansas City Times that a steady, sober farmer residing about three miles west of Barnard, has been seized upon by some mysterious influence, which has caused a powerful effect upon his mind that he is enabled to discourse upon almost any scientific question; talks of things and matters that he has heretofore been entirely ignorant of, and quotes ancient languages, and talks of matters which transpired over a thousand years ago, with the same ease and fluency with which he has discoursed upon the crops and the weather. He is said to be an illiterate man when not under the influence of the spirit, and his past life and meagre education forbid the assumption that he been in training for deceptive purposes.

"The community in which he lives has become greatly excited over the wonderful power manifested by this new developed medium, and so great is their faith in the newly discovered power, that they have erected a building for the use of the spirits, which is about half a mile from any other, and is a plain box house without fixtures or apparatus by which any fraudulent imposition might be practiced. Here in this box house upon the open prairie the people or the neighbors meet with the supernatural powers of spirits, and it is said by those who have visited the meetings that the most unaccountable manifestations of mediumistic power take place in that building every night a circle is held. The entire neighborhood appear to be converted to the new doctrine, as the revelations made are of a most startling character."

Day, Colchester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colchester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium. Bro. Colchester is now deceased, and Bro. Day is an old man, in destitute circumstances. Send him anywhere from a dime to such a number of dollars as your ability and judgment dictate, and angels will bless you for it. Direct to Lester Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Amount previously reported, \$104.25.
R. Fulkerson, Elkhart, Ind. 10.00
Robert Sinnicksen, Trenton, N. J. 50
Spiritualist unknown, Mass. 1.00
do do Marion, N. Y. 1.00
do do Me. 1.00
W. W. Ward, Cincinnati, O. 5.00
James Wilson, Bridgeport, Ct. 1.00
Mrs. Bettie L. Coffin, Springfield, Mass. 1.00
Daniel Wood, Lebanon, Me. 41
S. Wood, Barre, Vt. 1.00
Spiritualist, Scranton, Pa. 3.00
A. F. Albright, Great Valley, N. Y. 1.00
Unknown, Lowell, Mass. 50
G. W. Whitford. 50
A. M. W., North Adams, Mass. 50
Mrs. B. Hunting, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. 1.00
E. Schieffelin, Tioga, Pa. 1.00
Wm. I. Weaver & James M. Roach, Warrington, West Florida. 5.00
John A. Day, Norfolk, Mass. 2.00
Miss D. E. Southwick, Cardington, Ohio 50
Mr. J. Southwick, do do 50
Mrs. E. Southwick, do do 50
W. S. Hudson, Paterson, N. J. 1.75
H. Crane, Stone Bluff, Ind. 1.00
Mrs. H. Emons, M. Carroll, Ill. 1.00
C. A. Russ, Browns Corners, N. Y. 25

The Little Bouquet Orphan's Fund.

This fund we propose to use for sending the little gem of beauty to orphans in as many different families as the donations will pay for.

Amount previously acknowledged, \$32.33
L. Z. Barnes, Eyanmore, Ill. \$1.00
G. A. Parks, Olympia, W. Ter. 1.00
J. W. VanName, M. D., New York City 150
Who will next be inspired to a similar deed of noble charity. We shall report.

Austin Kent Fund.

All amounts received for this fund will be immediately sent to the above named person, who is not able to secure his own support.

C. A. Russ, Browns Corners, N. Y. 25.
Angels will bless such noble deeds of charity.

It is better to send direct to him at Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

LOOK TO YOUR ACCOUNTS.

They go to You Every Week Claiming Attention.

All who owe for one year and upwards and do not pay up arrears for this paper, on or before the first day of March next, will find their accounts left in the hands of a collecting attorney, in their respective counties, with directions to proceed to enforce payment at the regular delinquent price of \$3.50 a year. Those who promptly pay before that time will be let off on payment of arrears at the rate of three dollars a year, providing they remit enough to prepay one year in advance.

In case any of our subscribers in arrears are laboring under any special misfortune which deprives them of the means to make such payment before the first of March, they will be honorably dealt by, if they write and make proper explanations, with reasonable assurances for payment at no distant day.

No one need complain at the publicity to which we may be compelled to resort, to collect the large accounts we are carrying for subscriptions, that justice demands should long since have been paid; nor need any one who has been receiving the JOURNAL think to get rid of paying for it, under the pretense that some friend sent it to him and that he supposed such friend would pay for it. Those who eat at other people's tables must pay their own board bills—those that dance must pay the fiddler and those who receive a newspaper must pay for it. We can look to no other person than the one who takes it in the postoffice. It is a most contemptible and mean person that will try to sneak out of paying for the newspaper he receives, and such individuals are destitute of all sense of honor and propriety. We do not believe we have one on our subscription book, but we shall know more about it by the first of March. If we find that we have been laboring under a mistake we'll report.

A Hammond Convert.

The Rev. Mr. Hammond, the revivalist, has been telling the story of David Mattoon, the Rochester gambler, whom he converted, and who afterward became Mayor of Oswego and member of the New York Legislature. The Troy Whig takes up the story where Mr. Hammond leaves it, and shows that, after Mattoon got into the Legislature, he sold his vote for \$30,000 cash to the New York Central people, and for \$20,000 cash to the Erie people, and when the day of voting came he wasn't to be found. During the session, he was mainly occupied in initiating members into the mysteries of draw-poker. Mr. Hammond's convert was an expensive one, as he cost the Legislature, according to the Troy Whig, about \$100,000. In this wicked world, it isn't safe to trust even one of Mr. Hammond's converts any length of time.—Chicago Daily Tribune.

Hammond has been telling his little story about Mattoon for years with thrilling effect, although he has always known that Mattoon like himself only had use for religion as a cloak for business transactions. Of the two men, the world at large entertains by far the greatest respect for Mattoon.

As a Man Thinketh, so is He.

Some may think it strange, but it is just as natural as life for a man or woman to judge others by him or herself. There is no better evidence required that a man or woman is tainted with a love of the "social freedom infamy," than to hear them insinuating that the "voices from the people," published every week in this paper, commending the JOURNAL for its outspoken condemnation of that infamy, are not genuine.

We give names and places of residence, and a reward of One Thousand Dollars is due the person who will show us guilty of imposition in a single instance. If there is one thing that we value above all other things, truth is that which we value most highly.

A WIDE MARKET.—During the past week the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. have received large orders for Cabinet Organs from their agents in London and Liverpool, England; Glasgow and Dundee, Scotland; Vienna, Austria; Stockholm, Sweden; and Melbourne, Australia—in addition to which, orders have been numerous from all parts of our own country, from Maine to Salt Lake City and San Francisco. Yesterday the company received an order from London for eighty-five organs, and a remittance of \$13,600 for one month's sales by their agents in that metropolis. The London Order quotes it as significant, that one of the best portraits of the Russian Princess, whose marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh was recently celebrated, represents her in the act of playing on one of those popular organs.

CAPT. R. H. WINLOW, speaker and test medium, sends us the following appointments: March 1st, 1874, La Crosse, Wis.; March 2nd, 3d and 4th, Hokah, Minn.; March 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, Rushford, Minn.; March 9th, 10th and 11th, Preston, Minn.; March 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th, Chatfield, Minn.; March 16th and 17th, Etina, Minn.; March 18th, 19th and 20th, Leroy, Minn.; March 21st and 22nd, Austin, Minn.; March 24th and 25th, Lyle, Minn.; March 26th and 27th, Aurora, Minn.; March 28th and 29th, Owatonna, Minn.; April 5th, Minneapolis, Minn. The friends in the different places will make the necessary arrangements as requested by letter.

Among the numerous editions of Dickens' Works, the one known as "Carleton's Illustrated Edition" seems to be taking the lead. One volume is issued each month, which is an excellent plan, as most anybody can spare \$1.50 per month and not feel it, and thus become possessor of a valuable set of books.

H. LAWRENCE, of Gosham, Iowa, recommends enclosing mediums in a wire cage to keep them from cheating at physical sciences. That thing has been done with the Hough Bay medium, of Philadelphia, for years. Harry Bastian has also been shut up in a similar cage made of mosquito-bars. Results—perfect materialization. Bastian has often been tied, seated and sealed, so that he could not move a finger, and yet the manifestations were just as good as when he was not confined at all.

MISSIONARY WORK.—Dr. Taylor, author of "Old Theology Turned Upside Down," has recently been on a little missionary trip along the line of the C. B. & Q. R. R., giving lectures and treating the sick at Plano, Sandwich, Earlville, Paw-Paw and Mendota. His reports having made a great many very pleasant acquaintances and renewed old ones. On the 27th prox., he lectures before the students of the college at Dundee, by invitation of Prof. Scheel; will lecture for the public in the same hall on the 28th, and strange to say in the Congregational church, March 1st (Sunday evening). This is unexpected liberality, as the doctor is known to be a thorough radical in theology as well as in medical practice.

"PEACH TREES are in bloom, roses begin to appear in considerable quantities, and pansies, jonquils and hyacinths are in great abundance. The weather is delightful, cool evenings and warm sunny days—oh, what glorious weather and what a lovely climate. We are daily looking for ripe strawberries, and we hope soon to see them in our fruit shops. Such vegetables as turnips, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, onions, etc., are quite plentiful in our market." So says, under date of Feb. 11th, *The Lake*, a new paper just started at New Orleans in the interest of the Grangers.

LITTLE BOUQUET.—If any subscriber has failed to get the March number of the LITTLE BOUQUET by the time this paper reaches him or her, a postal card informing us of the fact should be sent to this office at once, and a new copy will be sent forthwith. We want every subscriber to have each number without fail, the same of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. After the lapse of a few weeks we get out of the JOURNAL—not so with the LITTLE BOUQUET as we stereotype every issue.

ATTENTION those whom it may concern. Those who make satisfactory apology for their delinquency, with positive assurance of payment at no distant day, will find the letter C appended to their address on the little colored tag which accompanies each paper. This will be a constant reminder of promises made, and in good faith accepted.

HAVING bought an entire edition of that very popular little work "Childhood of the World," a simple account of Man in Early Times, by Edward Clodd, we shall be pleased to fill orders for it. See advertisement.

BASTIAN AND TAYLOR are still at our *Science* rooms. The manifestations given through their mediumship are very fine, and are instrumental in convincing skeptical minds of the truths of Spiritualism.

On receipt of three-cent stamp we will send a 27 page pamphlet, containing a full and complete Table of Contents of Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, or we will send the book on receipt of \$2.50.

An exquisite little illustrated volume about home life at the Horace Greeley homestead, entitled "The Story of a Summer," by Cecilia Cleveland, a niece of Mr. Greeley, will shortly be published by G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE Annual Statements given elsewhere of the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of U. S. A. shows a net increase of \$650,000 in Assets, and New Policies to the amount of \$12,000,000 in 1873. Certainly a grand record. Agents wanted everywhere.

THE First Society of Spiritualists hold services in Grow's Opera Hall, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Dr. Samuel Maxwell, speaker. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m.

DANIEL WHITE, M. D. is now located at 203 North Sixth st., St. Louis, Mo., practicing the duties of his profession. He is represented as a most excellent physician.

G. TONGERSON, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the Texas Medical College and Hospital at Galveston, Texas, has our thanks for documents of interest.

MRS. M. C. RUNDLETT will lecture in Barton Landing, Vt., Feb. 22nd, and the Sundays of March.

MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON is still at Boulder, Col., where she has been lecturing during the past four months to good audiences.

WILL some one inform us of the name of the post-office and state where G. A. Hill, now deceased, formerly received his mail.

T. H. MONTGOMERY, please give your P. O. address, and we will comply with your request.

LAURA C. JACOBS, please give your post-office address. Will then comply with your request.

L. J. RICHIE—yours received. Will comply with your request when you write and state to what post-office your JOURNAL is now sent.

GERALD MASON'S lectures at Grow's Opera Hall were enthusiastically received.

DR. W. L. JACK until further notice can be addressed at Haverhill, Mass.

DON'T FORGET to remit dues on the JOURNAL immediately, and if you would have your neighbors know what pure unalloyed Spiritualism teaches, get them to try this paper for three months at the nominal cost of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS pays for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for three months, for new trial-subscribers. Please send in the subscriptions.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Knowledge the Savior of the World.

It is reported of Solomon, the reputed wise man of the Jews, but who, if all the story left in regard to him is true, must have been exceeding ignorant of the laws of physiology in his family relations, said, "Give me more wisdom and knowledge." It is an old and trite axiom that "knowledge is power." Knowledge is the key to all the mysteries of the universe; knowledge unites Jews and in the world thereof gives us confidence and trust; it is the lever of the Archimedes that lifts the world in every department of life; its power is known and recognized of all men.

The scholar and the philosopher live eternally in the hearts of the people. Ignorance may raise its head and by its unmeaning noise attract attention for a time. Ignorance is the only Devil there is, or ever has been, among mankind; it has conjured up all the frightful demons that have tormented humanity. It is the cause of all our ills.

The true philosopher inspired with profound wisdom, and living in accord with the principle of justice, knows no fear in any department of life. Ignorance of the real condition of our fellow men, lays the foundation for superstition. When we rise to the plane of spiritual wisdom, we shall discover that the hatred even of the evil doctor, comes from ignorance of the causes which impel them to acts, that are just as natural results of their conditions as are those which we realize as higher and better acts. Ignorance leads to revenge and a desire to punish our fellow beings, forgetting the great fact that law governs in the universe of matter and of mind; that from the smallest atom of matter to the largest and most majestic orb in space, each and all are under the eternal and irrevocable laws of control of a great and unchangeable law, from which nothing possibly can escape, not a sparrow or a mote can fall to the ground, and the very hairs of our head are numbered by this. We cannot escape these, turn as we will, and do what we may—we are forever under their stern and unflinching domination of law.

God nor man can stone for, or avert the penalties of these; nor can they punish us. We shall realize this fully when we have acquired that true wisdom and knowledge that shall be the grand factor in our lives, and always in the inextinguishable grasp of infinite law. This simple and apparently self-evident fact will revolutionize society in every department—it will do away with all bitterness, denunciation and condemnation. Men will learn not only to tolerate but to respect those who differ from them, and the fierce antagonisms which have too often disgraced the pulpit and the rostrum, will no more be heard, but in the place thereof, will be given forth truth, philosophy and wisdom. All departments of society will become educational, our prisons shall be the grand factor in our lives, and penitentiaries in which the weak and erring, as the insane, will be restrained only so far as absolutely necessary to protect society, and kindly cared for until they can realize the responsibility that belongs to intelligent immortal beings.

In the light of this wisdom and knowledge the present antagonisms of society, which divide it into classes and castes, will pass away, and the concealment which makes mankind, even those who associate daily and hourly, strangers to each other, and all those feelings which keep up classes and grades in society in contact with each other, will give place to that mutual and loving co-operation that leads to an intimate and fraternal knowledge of each other's condition and wants. Thousands of instances to-day there is an impassable gulf between employer and employee, and the latter feels compelled to use every available means, even to doing wrong, to conceal their real conditions and needs from the former, lest they may forfeit their positions. This is all wrong, and there is a proper understanding between these, how much more would the elevating and purifying influences of kindness and love be exercised by all classes—indeed there would be no such classes as now exist, but in the place thereof, we should have the beautiful and heavenly conditions of mutual co-operation and a desire to help each other continually. The time is coming when mankind will not be able to conceal either their thoughts or their acts as they now do. The spiritual vision of humanity will be so opened that we shall be able to catch each other's thoughts, and know the real motives that are prompting to achieve. There are souls in the form now that hold this pure relation to each other, and these are the prophets of the good time that is coming, when this experience shall be permitted to all, and the world will remedy the evils that abound in the world to-day. It will put an end to crime by removing the causes that have produced it.

There is nothing that will so effectually eradicate the tendency to evil, as this soul communion, clear vision and intimate blessing of feeling that bind mankind together in fraternal union. A1 that is needed to bring these conditions to earth, is to raise mankind to a plane high enough to receive the true benediction of the angel world, and thus to realize the introduction on earth of a condition that has long existed in the Spirit-world not very far from earth.

One of the grand missions of Modern Spiritualism, is to teach us that truth and wisdom are the free and untrammelled birthright of the human soul, and that wherever any barrier exists to the full and free reception of these the soul world will currently co-operate with mankind in breaking it down. Spiritualism boldly declares that there are no mysteries of godliness, or anything else that are entirely hidden or forbidden; that the only limitation to our knowledge is our own capacity, and that we are very greatly under our own control, that each upward aspiration and onward step extends the grasp of the human soul into new and untried fields of beauty and of wisdom.

As we stand to-day upon the summit of all our experiences, bitter or sweet, we may look back over the blasted hopes and desolate fields, or grand successes and noble achievements, or turning our gaze upward and onward, we may see far grander and more beautiful scenes within the reach of our grasp, calling only for the proper and legitimate use of the faculties which we possess and for which we are responsible.

In the contemplation and measurement of our positions and powers, we shall learn these important facts, that all the well spent hours and energies that we have realized, have lifted us into higher conditions; that every accession to our knowledge has been either a stone or a pillar in the temple which we are sent forth to rear. It is not knowledge alone that is doing this, but its true application,

which is wisdom, that is accomplishing these grand results.

There is a vast amount of knowledge in the world, and it has been immensely increased in the last quarter of a century through the influx of Spiritual light and truth, but that which is most important is the practical application of all the knowledge which has come to the world of humanity, so that in the form of divine wisdom, it shall bless mankind by its pure and practical results. This is the highest aim of the angel world, to render practical the knowledge which mankind has received, and thus make it the substantial basis for more.

There is a plane of wisdom attainable by mankind in which the mind is capable of reaching after truth and separating it from the husks of error, and then appropriating it to its use and growth. The labyrinths of the past need not be traveled longer, when we are determined to rise into the realms of the higher and purer life by living up to the very best conditions attainable here. The physical must be trained and educated so that it will assist and not retard the onward march of the soul; then will the triumph of wisdom and knowledge be manifested by the beautiful and rapid progress which the human soul will make, bringing the two worlds into close and intimate relations with each other, so that all the conditions of the higher life that are adapted to this, may be brought into it, and thus make earth a heaven, and bring mankind into the enjoyment of a fruition such as they have never dreamed of.

Let each one endeavor to speed the day by being true to God, to humanity and to ourselves, and by acquiring all the knowledge we can, and seeking for that divine aid which will enable us to convert it into wisdom, and thus render it practical for the blessing of humanity.

The long-desired Baby came as a result of Angelic Ministration.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, 180 East Adams street, Chicago, enclosed please find \$2.00 and a lock of hair. As we want more magnetized papers I send another lock of my wife's hair, that you may see how well she is getting along. I have a fine daughter three weeks old. It is perfectly healthy to all appearances. My wife was never so healthy before, but as your magnetized papers seem to do so much good, we mean to continue their use for a while longer.

Yours most truly,
"Dwight Wadsworth."

Lake Mills, Ia., Feb. 16th, 1874.

A SEVERE CASE OF HEART DISEASE CURED BY SPIRIT POWER.—MRS. A. H. ROBINSON'S TOBACCO ANTIDOTE A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, Chicago.—You must excuse me for not writing sooner. I felt so much better since I began using the prescriptions that I thought there was no use of writing until all the medicines were used. Your diagnosis of my case was perfect, and I am glad to tell you that the cure is also perfect.

The Tobacco Antidote has proved a success. I used the weed for twenty-seven years, and one box has taken all the hanker for tobacco away.

Yours in truth,
T. FLEMING.

Wallace, Ill., Feb. 12th, 1874.

City Entertainments.

For the Week ending Feb. 28.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—Madison street, between Dearborn and State. Engagement of Edwin Booth.

HOOVER'S THEATRE.—Randolph street, between Clark and LaSalle. "Divorced."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe. Engagement of Oliver Doud Byron. "Donald McKay."

MYERS' OPERA HOUSE.—Monroe street, between Dearborn and State. Arlington, Cotton & Kimball's Minstrel's and Comicalities. Burlesque of "Our Great City."

GLORIE THEATRE.—Deplaine street, between Madison and Washington. Engagement of Joseph K. Emmet. "Fritz, Our Cousin German."

Passed to Spirit Life.

For the information of parents and others into whose hands this book may fall, it may be stated that it is an attempt, in the absence of any kindred elementary work, to narrate, in as simple language as the subject would permit, the story of man's progress from the unknown time of his early appearance upon the earth, to the period from which writers of history ordinarily begin.

At the Table of Contents indicates, the First Part of the book contains the progress of man in material things, while the Second Part seeks to explain his mode of advancement from lower to higher stages of religious belief.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

Introductory: Man's First Wants; Man's First Tools; Fire; Cooking and Pottery; Dwellings; Use of Metals; Man's Great Age on Earth; Mankind as Shepherd, Farmer, and Trader; Language; Writing; Counting; Man's Wanderings from his First Home; Man's Progress in All Things; History of Peoples.

PART II.

Introductory: Man's First Questions; Myths; Myths about Sun and Moon; Myths about Earth and Man; Ideas about the Soul; Belief in Magic and Witchcraft; Man's Belief in the Soul; Man's Belief in the Future; Nature-Worship; 1-Water-Worship; 2-Tree-Worship; 3-Animal-Worship; Polytheism, or Belief in Many Gods; Belief in Two Gods; Prayer; Sacrifice; Monogamy, or Belief in One God; Three Stories about Abraham; Man's Belief in a Future Life; Sacred Books; Conclusion.

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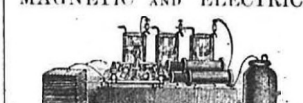
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Are cured: Cancers, Catarrhs, Rheumatic Arthritis, Erysipelas, Paralysis, Fever and Ague, Yellow Fever, etc., etc.

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SIXTH ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, JAN. 1, 1874.

Receipt for 1873. \$1,463,504.34

Disbursements for 1873. \$85,560.11

Net Increase in Assets during the year. \$1,377,944.23

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and in Trust Companies. \$151,151.00

U. S. State, and City Bonds, and Value. 399,318.75

Loans secured by First Mortgages. 1,627,419.05

Loans fully secured by Stocks. 568,242.80

Companies. 72,435.60

Accrued Interest, and P. m. in course of Collection. 79,920.85

Deferred Premiums. 118,778.72

Due from other Companies for Re-insurance. 19,123.13

All other Assets. \$3,668.62

Total Assets, Jan. 1, 1874. \$7,283,531.61

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on all Policies under which the Company is liable. \$1,909,859.00

Death Claims not due, and all other Liabilities. 109,728.77

Total Liabilities, Jan. 1, 1874. \$2,019,587.77

SURPLUS. \$5,263,943.84

IN force January 1, 1874. POLICIES. 11,578,728

1873. 9,190 1,259,608

Net Increase during the year. \$734 \$6,534.145

A National Co. chartered by Congress—Cash Capital, \$1,000,000; a Stock Co. Co. L. W. Bates of Premiums.

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R. A. ROLLINS, Pres. W. E. WERT, Vice-Pres. and Acty.

J. M. BUTLER, Sec. F. G. SMITH, M. D., Medical Director.

Animal Magnetism or Statuolence.

BY J. H. MCKENHALL.

BRO. JONES:—I have been watching with earnest eye the observations, discoveries and claims of Bro. Fahnstock on his pet theory, Statuolence, hoping that he might unfold to suffering humanity the panacea for the ills of life, especially those wrought by the influence of man upon man, since he claims that "as men and women are independent of each other, and possess powers within themselves to resist evil and to shape their ends independent of any one or any imaginary outside influence." Now I make no pretensions to a scientist, yet I have observed some things in the wake of life, which induce me to compare a few thoughts with his imperial claims.

Having no collected statements before me from his elaborate labors on the subject of Statuolence, I have had to find in the last issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, No. 19, I may not be able to present his claims in as tangible a light as I would desire, yet I hope I shall not misrepresent his true position. The first paragraph in his article of Statuolence would lead us to the conclusion that he plainly negates the existence of any such property or element as that of animal magnetism. He remarks, "The time has arrived when the community must either embrace the imaginary animal magnetic or psychological infatuation, or the Statuolence. Let us leave this, now, for one moment, and observe another clause reading thus: "The issue is before us and we must either countenance the evils resulting from a belief that some men and women have power to influence others so as to make them (contrary to their natural laws) depart from the path of rectitude and virtue; or we must believe and countenance the fact, that there is no such thing as a positive or negative condition in our nature."

Now, in this latter clause, he certainly leaves clear animal magnetism, of any and all vice, and attributes whatever evil results there may appear as connected with this subject, to the erroneous belief of the believer, but he forgets to tell us how the belief—a mental action of the believer, can affect him or evil any more than the magnet or will of the magnetic operator, it being only another belief of a similar nature.

There can be no action separate and distinct from substance; then whether belief be the act or the substance, the effect produced is the result of belief, and under the same principle that one mind may affect by action, it can affect other minds, conditions being rendered favorable.

The latter paragraph in this last clause, would go to show that the evils resulting as related to the subject, arise out of conditions being positively and negatively related. Now, conditions can only obtain in connection with some substance or other, then if such conditions exist, it is axiomatic that said substance also exists. That such conditions do exist, I offer one or two arguments as demonstrative of the fact. Positive and negative conditions are used to express opposites in conditions and forces, the one acting as giver, the other as receiver—the one as being more, the other less powerful; yet reciprocal and correlated. Now, on a physical plane, we scarcely can expect two individuals of the same kind to be positive to the other, possessing more physical force than his fellow. If we apply our remarks to the mental, the same fact is visible. In either case the one possessing a preponderance of force, influences and affects the other accordingly.

Now, if man does possess a force of some kind by which he is able to influence his fellow man in a manner similar to that styled animal magnetism, not only with, but independent of, the subject's belief, despite his consent or even his knowledge of the fact, as to the cause, is evident to myself and all observing magnetizers. As evidence, I submit the following: Some years ago I was a magnetic practitioner. Among other experiments there was this one, which I shall be thankful to Brother Fahnstock to explain as the cause of its phenomena. Here it is: I was sitting alone in my father's house, outside of which, some four to six rods distant, was a young man, perhaps some twenty years of age, who was standing upon, and chopping, a large log for firewood. I thought to try my magnetic powers by concentrating my will upon him, and that he should go into the magnetic sleep. Without the notice of any one to signalize him of the fact, or even his knowledge of my being present on the premises, I began my mental process which resulted in his readily yielding to my power, his movements with the ax fitting themselves regularly and gradually to the motions of my mind or will, until he ceased chopping with the ax uplifted, having no power within himself to bring the ax down. On approaching, I found him magnetically asleep, subject to the further demands of my will. Remember, this was done without his consent or knowledge of my effort. How was it produced? There was no belief or imagination on his part. To be readily perceived an influence that he recognized as magnetic, and then believed and finally became somnambulant, will not serve for an explanation; for if he first felt an influence, in order to produce a belief, what produced that first influence calling his notice to the fact? And if, at least, possible effect could have been produced without his belief, or imagination, why, then, upon the same principle, the effects could be continued until the same was reached; and then he would have been as he really was, magnetized independent of his belief.

Now, if we are perfectly "independent of each other," as Brother Fahnstock claims we are, no relations between us whatever by which I could come in contact or rapport with him, I ask again, how did I reach him? It was not through his belief, for he was not believing at the time. It could not be by suggestion, for nothing has no power to act. I acted, and by virtue of my action, the effect was produced. If I did not, nor could not, reach him with nothing, then I must have done it with something. Will Brother Fahnstock please inform me what that something is? I could give many other instances of similar character, and some, perhaps, of far greater novelty or stranger phenomena, wherein it appears evident that there exists in our nature positive and negative relations, and that there is in our beings a relation which is not to be transferred to each other; and will present them when the above is properly responded to.

There are one or two other points I wish to notice in our Brother's claims. In speaking of the effects of the magnetic theory, he remarks, "When a man is in the beginning of the very foundation of our independence and social relations—how is this? If independent as set forth in the fourth clause of his article, that relations, I pray, are there existing with us? Certainly not. But if relations are there, then where that independence? Either the independence destroys the relations, or else the relations destroy the independence. But we admit the relations, and it is by and through their laws and conditions that the said magnetic sleep is obtained. But again

the Brother remarks, "I can not for a moment believe that true men and women will hesitate in making choice, as they must be realizing the fact that a belief in psychology or animal magnetic influence, is leading to evil results." Now, I have no desire to enter into an elaborate argument with the good Brother on points not directly relevant to the subject at issue, but I do feel like calling his attention to the fact that we are wholly incapable of making choice at will, without a preponderance of testimony, and neither the Statuolence theory, nor give me evidence of its correctness, men and women will have to consider and wait.

One other remark and I shall have done for this time. Says he, "Let the truth go forth that no one is positive or negative to another, and the evils resulting from a belief in psychology will cease with the cause that produced them."

I can not for my life see how, in this case, that belief has any thing to do in producing the evils referred to. Such a phrase certainly smacks a little of orthodoxy, or modern theology. Men and women are evil because of their mental undevelopments; because of the eccentricity in their phenomenal relations; either the basilar brain being out of proportion with the frontal, or the central affectional being not attuned to the other regions of the brain.

THE LAND OF THE LEAL.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR.

There's a place here where the pleasure of being, Is not marred by the ills that we feel, Where the soul breathes no prayer for its freeing— 'Tis that land—The Land of the Leal.

There no grief comes to keep us repining, Nor clouds hide what day would reveal, Where the sun is eternally shining, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

There the wronged get their rightful belonging, While Love does the wounded heart heal; And comes love to the tired spirit's longing, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

There no rust nor moth ruins the soul's treasure, Nor the envious break through and steal, While joy brimming fills the life measure, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

There Friendship fulfills her fond mission, And Faith finds her promised ideal, While Hope has her happy fruition, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

There selfishness starves not the wanting, Nor the rich in their rioting reel, While the poor for a swallow are pining, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

There Society plays not the tyrant, Nor men to the god Mammon kneel, Nor frowns check the noble aspirant, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

There Honesty works open handed, And Justice unbiased does deal, As an evil is Slavery branded, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

On the doings of brother with brother, Truth stamps her indelible seal, And woman is worshipped as Mother, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

There law reigns in order and duty, All work for the general weal, Worth winning the praise over beauty, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

Then strive with your constant endeavor, To sail with a clean hull and keel, Your self ship o'er the earth's ocean e'er, To that land—The Land of the Leal.

So when reached is the calm, happy haven, Like the widow's strange barrel of meal, Your joy cup may e'er keep brimming even, In that land—The Land of the Leal.

The Present Great Temperance Movement.

BY A. BENTON.

There are but few people in our country, comparatively speaking, that do not greatly deplore the inordinate use of intoxicating drinks, which have caused the ruin of thousands of families, and consigned to untimely graves, prisons and the gallows, multitudes of our fellow mortals, who might have been good citizens and ornaments to society, but for the indulgence of a morbid appetite for strong drink. Even the inebriate himself will generally admit the great evil resulting from a too free use of strong drink, and often laments that his appetite has got so strong a hold on him that he is unable to resist the temptation to drink. Now, the question arises as to what is the best means to pursue for the cure of this great evil.

There are a great variety of opinions in regard to this, and a great many very stringent laws have been enacted to restrict the sale and use of spirituous liquors to their legitimate purposes, and some of them, especially in Ohio, sufficiently strong and explicit, it would seem, if properly executed, to effect the reform which is now so greatly clamored for. But what do laws avail if they are not acted upon? If they are suffered to remain a dead letter upon our statute books. There are but few people, however, that have the remotest idea that cider, wine, beer and distilled spirits will ever go entirely out of use among those that are called civilized people. The arts and sciences often require the use of alcohol, and much is required for medical purposes. But its entire prohibitionists say away with it; it is an evil of "such frightful magnitude that to be hated, needs but to be seen." They would have laws enacted with heavy penalties for manufacturing it. Perhaps in their zeal to suppress it, they would forbid the cultivation of the articles of which it is made, if there were no other means of getting rid of it.

But the last great movement against the strong holds of the enemy, and one which upon the first view would appear to be most eminently just and proper, as coming from a class of the greatest sinners, is the abuse of these intoxicating drinks, is one that challenges our profound attention, and but for one thing would claim our greatest respect. Those who are engaged in this warfare against the rummer, are not to be feared, for they are fighting against the Almighty, but most fearfully they are striving against the teachings of the Bible, and supplicating an unchangeable God to reverse his decrees; and singing psalms and hymns in his praise to induce him to do so, and should they succeed in this, no one can tell to what lengths they might induce Him to go in other reformatory matters.

The idea of bringing the Bible as an instrument of warfare in this contest, would appear somewhat like an army of soldiers charging the enemy with the breeches of their guns, while the muskets were pointing to the rear. In confirmation of this, I will quote a few passages which will illustrate: "And Noah began to be a husbandman and he planted a vineyard." "And he drank of the wine and was drunken (Gen. 9: 20, 21). And they made their father (Lot) drink wine that night, etc. (Gen. 19: 31, 38). Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to him that be of heavy heart. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more (Prov. 31: 6, 7). Drink no longer water but take a little wine for your stomach's sake (St. Paul). And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave to them, saying drink ye all of it (Jesus Christ). Now here is the highest possible sanction for the free use of strong drink, and no censure for the deed done, while in these drunken conditions. St. Mary's, O.

Voices from the People.

LODI, CAL.—Mrs. K. D. Force writes.—We all like your paper very much.

RUTLAND, WIS.—Nancy Philo writes.—I always liked the dear JOURNAL, but it grows better all the time.

NORTH OGDEN, UTAH.—A. Berrell writes.—Enclosed find remittance on subscription for the JOURNAL, the best paper in America.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—J. W. Goucher writes.—I will endeavor to get you all the subscription I can, in order to let the light shine to one and all.

FAIRVIEW, MICH.—L. J. Thornton writes.—I must improve the present opportunity to throw in my vote of approval of your course with the Woodhulls.

EAST TOLEDO, O.—William H. Hovey writes.—I like the JOURNAL for the bold stand it has taken in the case of Woodhullism, and could not get along without it.

BURNSIDE, ILL.—J. H. Pittman writes.—I like the JOURNAL very well, and I think it is doing a great deal of good in the world, and I should be sorry to see its publication suspended.

Angels and good men and women helping, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, LITTLE BOUQUET and our Publishing House, have come to stay for one century at least, and we are deeply impressed that they will survive much longer than that, and grow more brilliant in their light from decade to decade, until all the world shall acknowledge it as the most resplendent luminary in the literary firmament.—Ed. JOURNAL.

HILLSDALE, MICH.—Doc. Andrew writes.—Reading the JOURNAL has been a great pleasure to me, the fun, and the fight. You are the God's selected, if not foreordained, to kill the Woodhull Devil.

MILLERSVILLE, MO.—W. J. Miller writes.—Spiritism is taking well in this part. There are numbers being convinced daily. There have been 12 or 15 mediums developed in this section within the past few weeks.

BUSTI, IA.—P. Moore writes.—I write to inform you that I am highly pleased with the JOURNAL, and the stand you have taken against Woodhull & Co. to my friends tried to persuade me not to take it or read it.

GILMAN, IA.—D. A. Comstock writes.—There seems to be an awakening up from error's darkness and a desire to behold the grand sunrise of immortal truth, as proclaimed by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

SAN JOSE, CAL.—W. Mansfield writes.—I cannot get along comfortably without the JOURNAL; in missing that, I miss a dear friend, and I have left enough of them behind me, as I am removing from my old residence in Salt Lake city.

HONEY GROVE, TEX.—Mrs. Jane Rutherford writes.—My creed is, that all we do is done for self-interest. I give this remittance to make me feel better—to promote my own happiness. My husband writes for me. He is 75 and I 72 years old.

JACKSONBURG, IND.—J. K. Smith writes.—Your paper is awakening a lively interest in Spiritualism in this place, and I shall endeavor to strengthen its circulation among that class of people who have hitherto given the cause but little thought.

LANCASTER, ILL.—A. C. Pierce writes.—I hope to do something to advance the true view of the Philosophy of Life, as you and your contributors have done. I'll go ahead and expose impostors, for it is too evident that "many false prophets have gone out into the world."

FOREST HILL, MD.—Mary Brown writes.—I wish all little girls and boys could have the LITTLE BOUQUET to read, as it is perfectly pure. I hope it will not be read to them. It is just what is needed for the young folks. They have been crammed with trash long enough.

LODA, ILL.—O. F. Rowley writes.—You must look out or the old-theology preachers will steal the show, and all the good of the living, and be conscious that I have not yet passed out of the form, from the fact that the JOURNAL still makes its welcome visits to my humble abode, notwithstanding the decree that went forth in December last, that unless you obeyed its summons, the JOURNAL should die the death that should know no resurrection, and should be buried with the bones of the dead.

FAIRFIELD, N. Y.—O. C. W. Willard writes.—We are throwing bombshells into the panic-stricken camp of the enemy, and there is evident alarm, judging by the way in which they are endeavoring to strengthen their defenses, and extend their depleted lines. A. E. Simmons, of Vermont, has been with us, and things are looking encouraging.

CLINTON, ILL.—J. R. McElvin writes.—Woodhull stock is 99 percent discount with Spiritualists in this locality. Oh! you do not understand her, it is unless some of the large herd (that covers a bad quality of brains) fraterally come to the rescue with a substitute, it will continue to depreciate.

HOWELL, MICH.—E. H. Wisner writes.—The religious world, in general, are looking on with astonishment against Spiritualism. After serving the State two years in the penitentiary, he is serving the Lord. One is about as creditable a business as the other, considering the light in which theologians present him.

STURGIS, MICH.—M. Peet writes.—Every week the paper comes freighted with such potent thoughts, such soul cheering words, that I, in my heart of hearts, feel that I will sacrifice it, other ways, and still have it come. And the angel world will bless you for the glorious stand you have taken in regard to Woodhullism.

PEORIA, ILL.—M. J. Lathrop writes.—Enclosed please find five dollars. Apply three dollars on the old subscription, and the other two dollars on the best advantage in helping and assisting the poor and needy. May our loving, kind and heavenly Father bless all your efforts to spread the light, through your valuable paper.

Yes, dear Brother, we will place it to the credit of the LITTLE BOUQUET fund, and two copies of the same shall be sent you for the money. They will bless you for your donation, while angels will see that you are doubly blessed for the kind deed. Would that parents and others could see the importance of placing the LITTLE BOUQUET in their children's hands. Sometimes when we venture to say to callers, "won't you subscribe for the LITTLE BOUQUET?" we get for a reply, "O, we have no children." We often think, would that you had a little love for the thousands of little souls that have no LITTLE BOUQUETS—no garlands of flowers, no nothing to make them good and happy—nothing but cuffs and harsh words. May thousands follow your example, dear friend, and the world will be the better for it.

GRAND-DE-TOUR.—Dr. S. M. Ottinger writes.—I repeat it again for myself, that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has become for me a good instructor, and more so since it destroys the hydra-headed infamy of Free Love Woodhullism.

HERION, WIS.—Julia Cleveland writes.—Permit me to tell you how my soul blesses you, for the stand you have taken in behalf of purity, and the sacred ties of domestic life. My heart thanks you for the interest you have taken in the prisoner. How their poor hearts must bless you for your paper.

ELMIRA, N. Y.—J. E. Brown writes.—I have obtained a true picture of a dear sister of mine that has been in spirit life 22 years. We never had her picture taken while she was in earth life. It was an undeniable test to us all. It was taken December 2, 1873, by Mr. Munier, of Boston. No Woodhullites here.

GALESVILLE, OREGON.—W. F. Benjamin writes.—Give the big (back) brains heavy blows. I will assist you with my little mite, so that your hands may be held up, that the slaughter may go on until the tilters are put to rout. Yield them, they must eventually, or there is no virtue in decency, reason and right.

LINCOLN, NEB.—S. P. Davis writes.—I sent for your paper last week, out of curiosity, to see a piece written by my mother, E. Davis, now in St. Paul, and I was somewhat surprised to learn that you had come out in the "bold" opposition to the "Free Love" convention, and glad to know that you were upholding and encouraging you in this great ordeal.

UPPER LISLE, N. Y.—L. D. Rowe writes.—All who candidly read the JOURNAL are pleased with it. It opposes with might and main that scorching, withering curse of all the human race, immorality. Spiritualists in general, and adjoining counties will do well to engage the services, on funeral occasions, of Rev. F. B. Peck, of Cortland, N. Y., a good speaker, liberal and progressive in sentiment.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Geo. White writes.—Your paper is acquiring a popularity for fearless outspoken condemnation of the social system as promulgated and practiced by Moses Hall, Woodhull & Co., and its defenders, if a precept by Jamison, Warren Chase and others. The friends of moral order and social purity need have no fear of results, so long as they are permitted to have a free like victory, through which to expose the sophistry of error.

EVANS, CAL.—L. H. Bascom writes.—The prediction of the downfall of your paper by the free love element, I think will not be realized by them. When will the true Spiritualists of this country organize and stand up by decency to be the world, that they repudiate this Woodhull abomination. Every true man and noble woman should speak and act in a manner which is unalloyed and true to the monarchy.

ADAM'S BASIN, N. Y.—S. Hayford writes.—I have been to Rochester, 15 miles, and engaged two good mediums to come out and hold circles at my expense. One of them told me sometime ago that I would get a medium developed through that place. He also told me here that he would invent a machine that would benefit the world and himself. He was then at work at it, and now has it running as well as steam. As he says, it is 12 inches high, runs a sewing machine; nothing ever seen like it; boiler the size of a teakettle. Can you tell us how to manage a circle?

NINE MILL, N. Y.—W. Culver writes.—I regard Spiritualism indebted to the JOURNAL. It has been a great blessing to me, and I think, cause that could survive at this age of moral enlightenment, while neglecting proper self defense against such misrepresentation as has been made by the public, by and claimed by the cherished creed of Spiritualists. I have never yet known a professed Spiritualist who sanctioned the doctrines published at the Chicago convention, or Spiritualism by its victims. As we know, I trust, ever continue to merit the highest position in the social relations.

MANOR, TEX.—F. C. Williams writes.—As the JOURNAL is somewhat of a curiosity to many in this section, I desire it to be well circulated. For a many I have been told that it would really join in the great Spiritual movement of the age, if it could be reached through such information as you give them, especially in regard to freedom, for I can see that it is that most invariably, when advocating Spiritualism, I am met with Mrs. Woodhull's doctrine, that it is the only true religion, and that the large majority of Spiritualists do not believe in it, or practice it.

SHELL ROCK, IA.—Dr. J. Scobey writes.—We are glad that you are not afraid to expose the Woodhull promiscuous free loveism. We believe that the cause of the world is being saved by the free love and forbearance towards the free love doctrine of promiscuous prostitution, which they call free love, he fully exposed to the enlightened eye and contempt of all the honest in and pure hearted. What is the use of the free love of so much filthy, brutal, human creatures, whose homes are on the side of the Mississippi, who even pretend to be Spiritualists? I know of but one true free love, and that is the love of God, which is pure, holy, and atmospheric, and cannot be contaminated by the foul licentious breaths of free love. Their presence will not be acceptable in heaven.

MAQUOKETA, IA.—C. Bradway writes.—I believe in all in the land of the living, and be conscious that I have not yet passed out of the form, from the fact that the JOURNAL still makes its welcome visits to my humble abode, notwithstanding the decree that went forth in December last, that unless you obeyed its summons, the JOURNAL should die the death that should know no resurrection, and should be buried with the bones of the dead.

GAMDEN, N. J.—Mary Pratt writes.—Please inform A. Benton, of Ohio, and all other truth loving Spiritualists in the land, that Annie E. Fay and her reputed husband have been holding "séances" in Philadelphia, and that they have proved them to be "base frauds." Their success in the "light science" is all owing to her dimly-lighted body, small waist, long hands, and the stretching which her husband allows between her hands and the ring. In her dark séance she will not have more than fifteen chairs in the inner circle. The chairs must all touch each other. This gives a certain circumference and diameter, and brings all in that circle within her reach. I caught her hand playing on the bjo. She said some one was breaking the circle. The circle has been broken all the time, but the "spirit" did not know it until the medium felt my hand on hers.

HARTFORD, CONN.—S. W. Lincoln writes.—The great trouble about the case of the great Woodhull balloon with its filthy gases, is to be "punctured" by Dr. Treat, at Robinson Hall, New York city, on Monday, February 21, 1874. I think that there will be a king-dom of Woodhull, Hall & Co. "Dr. Treat has been in their employ, behind the scenes, and has found the boys' secret, and will now show it to the world. They will all the aspirants for Spiritual honors do, who have "knotted" themselves into the tail of the Woodhull kite. Matomot rode four miles from New York on the back of a horse. Spiritualism is the Alabaster of this age of wonders. All hell at one time and another has leaped upon it with the intention of entering into the flames. It is time to pre-empt the conquerors before the permanent settlers could get there. The he and she devils are finding not so gentle a horse to ride as they expected, judging by the fact that the devils are not so much as the angels. 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30		131.00 for second term, 5 years.
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GEORGE W. MORGAN, the great organist, says: "An indispensable improvement over all Reed Organs." CHAPLAIN C. M. MCABE says: "It is worthy of the high commendations it is receiving. Its sweetness, purity and power of tone pre-eminently fit it for Parish Church or Concert-room."

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Individuals, animalcules, discoverable only with powerful microscope, infest the roots of the human hair and scalp when neglected and unhealthy. The Restorative cures this, and keeps the hair clean, healthy, and free from store-rooms, which ingredient the Patent has the sole right to use. It destroys these, removes all impurities, dandruff and furcures the scalp—treating only cures.

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GROW'S OPERA HALL.

Gerald Massey gives Interesting Incidents in Connection with Spiritualism.

Some two and twenty years ago I was invited to see a young clairvoyant read with the use of the eyes. So little did I know of the subject, that when I was asked to hold the eyelids down while she read, I left my fingers as far apart as possible, so that she might see through them if she liked. I did not wish to prevent her reading. Possibly my intended kindness told in my favor, for that clairvoyant became my wife, and her first conscious act of meeting me, I found afterward, was when she was in the magnetic trance. I was indignant at the treatment and the torture to which I thought she was subjected to gratify people's curiosity, and it ended in our running away from it. Afterward I found that this reading by some abnormal vision was a fact, however unbelievable. She had manifested the power from nine years of age. I have seen her read hundreds of times, and convince hundreds of people, including men like Brewster, Hallam, late earl of Carlisle, and the present duke of Argyll, and bishop of Winchester. Many persons were prepared for the phenomena of Spiritualism by what they saw of her clairvoyance.

The speaker then detailed at some length the various methods by which himself and others had taken to prevent the loss of the power in this manner, and the uniform failure of such plans, and specified several instances of the remarkable clairvoyant powers possessed by her, which in time broadened to the shores of a wider development in mediumship, and then proceeded in touching language to refer to his departed daughter and the sickness of his wife.

Before the passing away to the spirit-side of his wife, he formed an agreement with her that she should be made upon the clock, where none had sounded before, and subsequent to her decease rapid work was done. On his first sitting with the medium, Home, a spirit took possession purporting to be his wife, and said: "Oh, Gerald, when I turned on my left side to pass that night, and had got through, I could not believe it. I kept on talking, and thought you had gone suddenly deaf, as I could not hear you answer me." That was exactly what had occurred with me, said he, on this side of death. I had kept on talking and she did not hear. I have no doubt but that truly represents the continuity of consciousness in death. There is no death. There is no break—no cessation of motion; it is like the top when we say it sleeps—that seems to stand still when it spins perfectly.

It is not my purpose merely to tell you a wonderful story, or to let you have a glimpse of my personal details. But I would rather set people's brains at work inside the skull, than see their hair standing on end outside of it.

Since my first gropings in the darkness of this subject, light has dawned on me more and more, and the facts have gone on unfolding their meanings until the presence of the spiritual world is to me as real as that of the natural world; the unfettered darkness has unveiled a living fact. I have felt the touch of spirit-hands with nobody within seven yards of me, and have had my own hand impeded to write messages without any volition of mine.

Standing on this side of my facts, how should I care to argue with those who stand on the other to assert that they are true? Where is the blame of things which are the ignorance of the subject is to be the base of our opponent's reasoning, and his fundamental assumptions are false, which are: that he sufficiently divides the relationships of mind and matter in the life which is known, so as to say that things and things are in touch to their relationship in a life that is to him unknown?

Bergeant Cox will tell you that this sort of abnormal action implies a new force in nature; he calls it "Psychic Force." But our "Psychic Force" friends do not touch playfully the very fringes of the phenomena. They have but made a study of the ripple, registered on the sand by the great ocean that is out of sight.

I know that Mr. Crookes has seen a thousand-fold more than has been scientifically demonstrated to others. If the force be spiritual, as we contend, it follows that physical science can only deal with that registered record in the sand of the ripple passed away.

The speaker then paid his respects to Dr. Carpenter and the "unconscious cerebration" theory, giving the subject a careful treatment; cited the facts that the mesmeric phenomena, once ignored by the scientist, were now brought forward to explain away those of Spiritualism, and said: But it is too late. Our scientific opponents.

"Like the hindmost chariot-wheels, are curst still to be near, but never to be first."

When a medium goes into the trance condition now, we presume it to be under spiritual influence. A spirit is the magnetizer. You will find, by the bible, that this is an ancient form of mesmerism. "Where is the angel Uriel," says Esdras, "the angel who came to me at the first? he hath caused me to fall into many trances. And as I was speaking these words, behold, he came unto me, and looked upon me, and said: 'I lay down, and he had been dead.' At other times the hand is used in this spiritual process, as it might be in magnetism. The hand of the Lord, that is, of some spiritual presence, came upon the head of the seer, Elisha, and he saw and prophesied.

When the fact of the power of the mesmerist over his subject was called to mind, we could see what a vista of possibilities—seemingly limited only by the communicating power, and the receptivity of the medium—was opened. If we came to accept as a fact that a spirit, an inhabitant of another world, could become the magnetizer. There was such a thing as "unconscious cerebrations" of thought. Half our mental life was passed in the process of thus drawing from the wells of the world around us. But, so far from this "unconscious cerebration" furnishing an argument against Spiritualism, it was one of the most vital proofs of its truth, the brain being shown to be not the cause of action, but merely the agent of the spirit's will. The spirit, said the speaker, drew the power, and of which we on the outside catch the shadows of its motion on the curtain, the lightning of its presence, flashing through its clouds.

Spiritualism claims to have established objective communication with the veritable world of being, which had been subjectively whittled away to a vanishing point by metaphysics and theology. Through our magnetic mediums it took to us—like a murmur strange things to us—like one talking in a dream. But now we have got it, as it were, in the waking state, and know the force behind the vale of matter in a mental form as intelligence, affection and will.

If it were possible to set aside our facts, we should still only be acting on a belief professed by the whole of the world. It is asserted that the soul of a man is forever

influenced by good or evil suggestions, invisibly conveyed of course. Neither God nor Devil could get at our souls without impinging somehow, somewhere; without contact no force could be brought to bear; there must be spirit communion—no matter by what name you call it. Also, the suggestion must come from beyond our consciousness—which is just what we say, only we act on it as a living truth; the orthodox and scientific mind, as if it were a living force.

It is difficult to demonstrate to those physicalists—who are only fossil specimens on earth—who are of the petrified soul—that we are living spirits; difficult to prove the existence and presence of spirits outside of us to those who have not realized a spirit within us. Still, it is impossible to fully discuss natural laws apart from spiritual causes; the two are indissolubly bound up together. You can not treat the natural by ignoring the spiritual; you can not insulate the most material man, like a metal in a non-conductor, so as to be sure the spiritual world is not brought to bear in the production of certain phenomena. In man it is with the natural and the spiritual; the Hindus say of the melon: You can hold a melon in one hand which contains seven handfuls of seed. And such is the spiritual relationship here to the natural facts.

I think it is greatly owing to our dim and distant conception of a spirit world that it seems so impossible for our spirit friends to be near us and to communicate with us. Our ideas have been so limited to the more visible relations of time and space. Metaphysics have so dissipated all spiritual reality. And that is what I want to get at, saying to feel the texture of it, as if to see how much it would tell for, and mentally figure it forth from the sense-perceptions, and realize it in a material form. We conceive of spirit as attenuated matter, forgetting that no attenuation of matter will ever arrive at spirit. In doing this, we are somewhat like those English people who, when in a foreign land, seem to fancy the more they make their own language un-English, the more it must be like the language spoken there. The only starting point, I think, is this: We are spirits here, and this is a material form, but not spirits because of this shape.

Let men but truly realize that the better angel of themselves, whether in the shape of a loving wife, or mother, or child gone before, can see them still, are with them still, and try to get near to them that they are, and this life, that they look at their sins and failings, their worldliness and greed with rebuking eyes, divinely grave, filled with their larger, purer love, and they must take thought and strive not to turn them away from the angel that dwells near on the side of comfort and errand of love; they would try not to do that which would make them veil their eyes in anguish. They could not continue the life of selfishness that darkens round their souls like the black cloud of the darkness of the soul, and they would try to get near to their darlings to soothe their innocent brightness, and put them out as the darkest midnight may put out the stars!

You dare not linger thoughtlessly in the palace of the hovel of sin if you feel the spirit-touch upon your shoulder, the whisper at your ear, the voice you know. "I'm glad my poor, dead mother does not know what I have come to," says some wretched outcast who thinks the ache was all over for her when the grave-soil covered up the bowed frame, broken heart from human sight. But my God! she would see us up by her side, and she would suffer with the strength of a thousand heart-breaks for that miserable but dearly-loved daughter!

Spiritualism shows us the visible foothold before it gets too dark to see the take step. We are other worlds, and we are only leaving this. Our faith does not only conquer death in the last grim moment, at the edge of the grave, but it triumphs the whole life through. Our thoughts have been climbing upward by palpable means, all along. And with such a foundation as this, faith sheds a man can walk right through the shadow of death itself and turn round with an amused smile as if asking if that were the tremendous bugbear which has frightened so many poor mortals from ever living.

Spiritualism, as I interpret it, means a new light of revelation in the world from the old eternal source, and you cannot have a new light let in without seeing many old acquaintances with an old face! Many aspects of things will change, and some things that we look for living faces will turn into the sheers of mass of mockery, and with the sweat of dissolution running down them. But no letting in of new light will change the nature of that which is eternally true. It is only falsehood that needs to shrink from the transfiguring touch of light. That needs must arise and shrivel away. Spiritualism, as I interpret it, means a new life in the world, and new life is not born without pain and partings, and sheddings of old decay. But new light and life do not come to us impoverish; they come to enrich. Spiritualism must arise and shrivel away. Spiritualism, as I interpret it, means a new life in the world, and new life is not born without pain and partings, and sheddings of old decay. But new light and life do not come to us impoverish; they come to enrich. Spiritualism must arise and shrivel away.

And so it will be with Spiritualism itself. It is the greatest solvent of dogmas yet known. It is the truth that sets you free for good as well as for evil. It has acted and is acting like Hannibal's vine; on the most stupendous obstacles of progress, and its impetuosity cannot do that it will finally break up many a poor miserable fly of dog to fully reveal the Divinity Himself to the unfettered human soul.

New Publications.

THE March number of ST. NICOLAS opens with a very useful article on Edward Jenner, by Clarence Cook. Accompanying this is a fine engraving of the statue of Jenner by Monteverde. Miss Allcott contributes a story, "The Angel of the North," and Dr. D. Owen has a sketch of his boyhood, "Rascally Sandy," there is a sea-side story, full of adventure and fun, by Noah Brooks; a sketch of Gulliver, the Lilliputians, and Swift, by Donald G. Mitchell; a well illustrated story, "The White Dove," by H. H. H. and a narrative true to nature of a girl's adventures when "snowed in" on a Western prairie, and a long list of the richest and rarest kind of reading which space forbids our naming.

THE March number of OLD AND NEW has some good story reading, some striking poetry, and some reasonable and instructive papers on social subjects. The lively three-page Washington novelette is concluded; and there is a very bright California sketch by H. A. Berton, called "The Quickledge Partners." Biography is also pretty strong in this number, there being a curious account of Thomas Muir, who

was a victim of the British sedition laws about the time of the French Revolution; a sketch of Mrs. Mary Somerville, the famous lady mathematician, and another of the late Dr. Warren. The strongest department of the number is its social science, however. Under this head, comes a paper on Labor Organization, with a plan for running a factory on co-operative principles; another of Mr. Quincy's acute papers on charity tax-exemption; and more especially an instructive paper on the U. S. Shipping Law, so-called, and its efficiency in protecting our mercantile seamen from the infamous sharking and abuse of the sailor landlords. Under this head also comes a sensible recommendation, by Mr. Hale in the Introduction, that it should be made the regular business of the churches to conduct, each in its own district, the "door-door parrelled" business. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. Per year \$4.00.

MARCH ATLANTIC.—CONTENTS.—Ralph Keeler's remarkable narrative of how Owen Brown escaped from Harper's Ferry will have a special interest from the circumstances, fresh in every one's mind, of Mr. Keeler's sudden end; and Mr. Howells adds a personal tribute to his memory. There is a personal, Prudence Baker, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a story of New England and of Colorado; and Mose Evans, by William M. Baker, a story of Southern life since the war, increase in interest, and have, this month, remarkable passages. The other articles are humorous and picturesque. Black and that Sort Thing, by Charles Dudley Warner. In a Market-Wagon, by G. P. Dathrop. Life in the snows of Canada, by H. B. K. Poetry. Wondering, by A. L. Carlton; Melanie, by W. L. Brigham; Ships, by L. K. Hudson; Pallance Dow, by Marian Douglas; Winter Epithet, by Charlotte F. Bates. Story John's Trial, by P. Deeming. Essays. A Medieval Naturalist, by J. H. A. Bone; Aborigines of California, by Stephen Powers. With full criticisms in Literature, Art, and Music Terms. Yearly subscription, numbers, 35 cents. Address H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston; Hurd & Houghton New York.

ELECTRIC MAGAZINE.—The Electric for March is a notable number of that sterling periodical. It contains in full the remarkable lecture "On Missions," which Prof. Max Muller delivered in Westminster Abbey, on December 31, 1873, and which has excited much marked interest in literary and religious circles in England. No one should fail to read this lecture, for it throws a novel and highly important light upon the great subject of which it treats. This number also contains the opening chapter of "Par from the Middle Crowd," a novel so strikingly good, lead the London Spectator to say that "if it was not written by George Eliot, then a new light has risen above the literary horizon." Published by E. R. Peckton, 108 Fulton Street, New York. Terms \$5 a year; two copies, \$9. Single number, 45 cents.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for March.—The Mountains of Western North Carolina, are the work of Mr. Edward King's graphic "Great South" contribution to Scribner's for March, which is accompanied by a profusion of illustrations from sketches by Champney. Dr. Robinson discourses in the same number of the Women of the Arabs; and there is a brief account of "The Harem of Washington," a very interesting little bit of history. Two articles of special importance are anonymous papers on John Stuart Mill, and an unimpassioned, but not the less startling, account of the "Credit Mobilier." There is "A Dream Story," by the author of "Patty," etc., etc.

POEMS, by Clint Parkhurst, of Iowa, Chicago. The Western News Company.

The author has given good evidence in his work that he possesses the genuine poetic feeling. Being a Western man, he evinces that fire, dash, beauty, and towering sublimity, peculiar only to that part of the world, and his efforts will be read and appreciated by the masses of the world. The volume consists of poems, many of them on the wing, poems of the camp and field, youthful poems and prose, and in the various departments thereof, he gives to the world a true idea of himself. Genius seeks different grooves for its manifestations. Its power is too vast to be confined in one line of thought, consequently it ramifies forth fearlessly in different fields, giving expression to its emotions in the most varied manner. Mr. Parkhurst, inspired by the true poetic genius, assumes a broad field of thought, and in the subdivisions thereof, he gives expression to his poetic feelings, rearing a monument that will perpetuate his memory and endear him to the Western people. The book is for sale at this office. Price \$1.25; postage 14 cents.

THE GALAXY for March is uncommonly varied and entertaining in its contents—containing articles in the department of Biography, Art, Literature, Criticism, Jurisprudence, Romance and Fiction, Science, and current gossip.

The leading article is a short sketch of Tom Marshall, whose name is now almost forgotten, though a few years ago he was one of the most brilliant orators of America—the river of Henry Clay in the palm days of Kentucky.

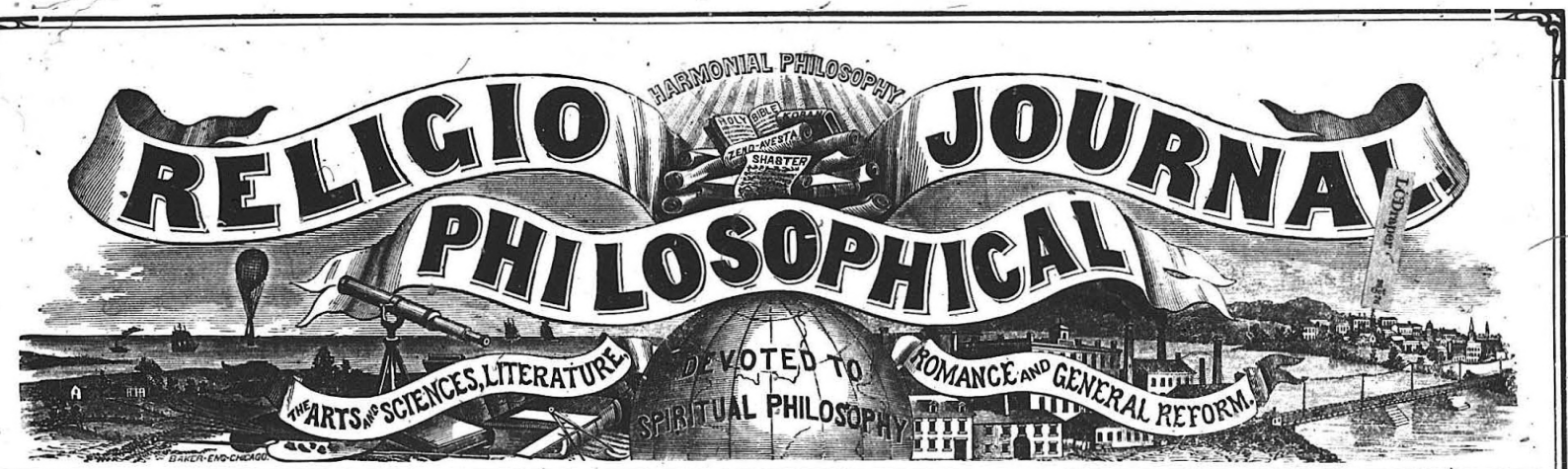
Mr. Justin McCarthy, the prolific writer of essays, and successful novelist, appears in both departments in this number; contributing in addition to his charming story "The Stock-ford," an attractive sketch of the French artist Gustave Dore, as seen at his studio and in society.

The Hon. J. E. Curry, of Virginia, contributes an article upon the Constitution of the late Confederate States, which is claimed to have been in some respects superior to the original Constitution of the Union.

The Scientific Department is very comprehensive in its summary of recent progress in science and art.

MASON NEW STYLES NOW READY.

With improvements patented in January, 1874, and October, 1873. Double Reed Organ with 16 keys, \$110. The same, in Upright Resonant Case, five stops, \$2. The same, with 20 keys, \$120. The same, with 24 keys, \$130. The same, with 28 keys, \$140. The same, with 32 keys, \$150. The same, with 36 keys, \$160. The same, with 40 keys, \$170. The same, with 44 keys, \$180. The same, with 48 keys, \$190. The same, with 52 keys, \$200. The same, with 56 keys, \$210. The same, with 60 keys, \$220. The same, with 64 keys, \$230. The same, with 68 keys, \$240. The same, with 72 keys, \$250. The same, with 76 keys, \$260. The same, with 80 keys, \$270. The same, with 84 keys, \$280. The same, with 88 keys, \$290. The same, with 92 keys, \$300. The same, with 96 keys, \$310. The same, with 100 keys, \$320. The same, with 104 keys, \$330. The same, with 108 keys, \$340. The same, with 112 keys, \$350. The same, with 116 keys, \$360. The same, with 120 keys, \$370. The same, with 124 keys, \$380. 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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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To Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Three.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

List! list! how clear the joy-bells ring:
Old friend and true—departing year!
In haste to greet the new crown'd king,
The world forgets thy praise to sing,
Or one bright wreath of bay to fling
Upon thy slowly passing bier.

Thus it is won't with smiles to greet,
And pledge to the Unseen it's vow,
And in it's wooing accents sweet
The silent Future to entreat,
While strewing roses at its feet,
Unheeding the immortal now.

The eternal city of the stars
N'er shone more royally before,
While drawing back Night's sable bars
With touch that not a zephyr jars,
Unto the swiftly speeding cars,
Of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Four.

Old ocean seems to lull her waves
As though in reverence profound,
And softly ripples through her caves
And all her lonely reefs and graves,
With more caressing fondness waves,
As the New Year is being crown'd.

God's grace attend the new king's reign!
But with my heart I turn to thee,
Though thou didst bring me care and pain,
A saddened heart and weary brain,
Thy faithful friend I still remain,
Of Eighteen Hundred Seventy-Three.

I cannot love the untraveled—
I yield it faith, and hope, and prayer;
It may hold many woes concealed—
Some wounds may in its balme be healed—
The sweetest raptures it may yield,
Or widest anguish and despair.

But cherished friend—ascending year—
Thou holdest empire in my heart;
Still thy familiar voice I hear
In accents soft and sweet and clear,
Floating from thy fair spirit sphere,
Assuring me we cannot part.

An old friend, tried in weal and woe,
Through Winter's gloom and Summer's
prime,
Though often wayward, rude or chill,
In manners sometimes harsh and ill;
It joyed to inspire him still,
I'll cherish for eternal time.

The rare gifts thou hast brought to me
With hallow'd light thy memory crown;
The proofs of love's fidelity,
And friendship's changeless fealty,
And honor's stainless purity,
Atone for thy rebuke and frown.

They err, who deem thee lost or dead;
But thus they've err'd for many a year,
In deeming that a spirit fled
Hath to some far-off region sped,
Because we no more hear its tread
Upon the pavements of our sphere.

Not knowing that the spirit-clime
Lies within our hearts and brains—
That it's eternal truths sublime,
Form, color, motion, all in rhyme,
Are rippling into waves of time,
Forever through our glowing veins.

That there's but one immortal soul,
Within whose life we breathe and move;
That measured by its self-control
The countless ages onward roll,
While what we call a higher goal,
Is but a fuller sense of love.

That here, in forms so pure and rare,
We grasp them not with outer sense,
Our loved one's walk the viler air,
Unfold our thought, inspire our prayer,
And guide us with the fondest care
Through sorrow dark, and joy intense.

That each heart idly we have thought,
With youth's sweet spring forever flown,
Like dew-drops by the roses caught,
Or by the sun in rainbows wrought,
Has to this realm of beauty brought
A soul immortal as our own.

Here, evermore, departing year,
With my beloved thou shalt remain;
And while the bells ring loud and clear
As thy successor draweth near,
My friend and teacher true and dear
We only part to meet again.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Spirit Post.

In a recent letter from Leghorn, Baron Kirkup writes:—
"I have had a demonstration of letter-carrying by spirits more perfect than any of the former ones, of which there have been four or five. I myself wrote the letter alone in my room to a lady at Bologna, distance 110 miles by railroad. The spirits Annina and Regina promised to take it and wait for an answer. It was a long one, very beautiful, and of large paper. That and the two journeys—231 miles by railroad—were all accomplished in two hours and thirty-five minutes! The distance by straight line is less, of course; how much I do not know. The answer was thrown into my lap. I saw it in the air coming. The lady herself has since arrived from Bologna and confirmed what she wrote, and I knew her handwriting. She is the mother of Anna."—The Spiritual Magazine.

GROW'S OPERA HALL.

Discourse by Gerald Massey.

Gerald Massey, the English poet, reformer, and Spiritualist, delivered the last of his successful series of lectures at Grow's hall on Feb. 21st. A splendid audience greeted his appearance, and his effort received the closest attention, and was frequently interrupted with applause. His subject, he advertised, was: "A Spirit World Revealed by Objective Manifestations, or the Only Basis of Immortality." There are two theories of man's origin. One assumes that he was struck off perfect from the mint of creation, stamped with the image of God. The other, that he has been evolved physically from the animal kingdom as a crowing work, and is slowly approximating to that divine likeness which will take eternity to complete. One depicts him as descending from his high original estate on his way to the devil. The other as ascending from the dust of the earth on his way toward God, in the fulfillment of a glorious destiny. For my part, I hold that the spiritual nature of man is as much a development, a growth of consciousness, a progressive derivation from its source, as his physical form is from the earlier forms. I have no fear of the doctrine called Darwinian, and I hold that the current fear of it argues a conception of creation that is utterly nonsensical! Darwinism only needs a true Spiritualism to put it through and clinch it on the other side. Man never did begin on this earth as an angel ready-made; did not begin as that which it will take him an eternity to become. It seems to me that he was born as blind as puppies are; blind to many laws of our being which we now call natural. In fact, it was a law-breaker that he first recognized the law-maker; it took ages of time to get his mental eye open by frequent running of his head against solid facts. The first object of his education was to find himself here—a being discredited from the life around him. Having found that self which he came to make so much of, and having no blind, and love to himself, the final object of his unfolding spiritual life is to lose his own self in his growing sense of the creative love, which draws nearer and nearer to him by many ways, and the perfection of his being, the fullness of his individuality, will be the result of his constant to, his utter dependence and subsistence on the divine life. Man is not formed in the image of God merely because he goes on two legs instead of four. The father had to reveal himself to his child very slowly, very faintly, in order that he might come within range of his comprehension at all—revels just so much as could be assimilated—and so, little by little, and with many appeals, the likeness had to be evolved in the spiritual life from within. For every upward swell in the human ascent there has been a descent of the divine which came to him.

It has commonly been supposed that the consciousness of God in humanity began with the Hebrew race, or thereabouts, and, in the light of that theory, it had always been a puzzle that man, starting out from some primitive perfection, falling in the race, and getting up so stunned by his fall that he forgot all about his past, should have proceeded to split up the Deity—that is, the supposed original consciousness of one—into the myriad forms—thirty thousand, for instance, among the Hindus—scattered in the past systems of polytheism. Max Muller has argued that "in no language does the plural exist before the singular," therefore that a primitive intuition of God, a more or less conscious theism, must have preceded polytheism, as an inward fact, if not an outward worship. But the known facts of history, said Mr. Massey, were all opposed to such a conclusion, the apprehension of an infinite number of gods having for ages preceded the knowledge of an Infinite One, so that polytheism came before monotheism. The idea of immortality was revealed to man by way of remembrance, not as the fossil remains of a pre-existence, nor was the God-idea reasoned out without external evidence.

After referring to the condition of the dim, pre-historic peoples of the past, whose ideas of God and immortality he proceeded to prove from the evidence to be obtained from tribes of men even now existing upon the earth, were undefined if not wholly wanting—his friend, Capt. Burton, considering from research and experience among barbarous peoples that "Atheism is the natural right of the genuine savage mind"—he asked: How did the invisible world first make itself known to the early benighted cave-dwellers of the human mind? I answer, by becoming visible to them. It did not dawn from any sudden illumination which came upon a memory of immortality. The first idea of man's continuity after death, and the existence of a spiritual world, were engendered, I maintain, by direct phenomenal proof and visible demonstration. As we have seen, there are savages who do not believe because they have not seen; so we shall find plenty who do believe because they have seen.

I take it the first evidence of man's having become a breathing, spiritual image of God, is witnessed to by his ability to recognize the law of the spiritual existence when God appears to him by means of spiritual apparition. A faculty of faith in the unseen could not have been created in the savage mind—without almost dwells in the eyes alone—without some tangible form of appeal being made to it, outside of itself. A fall in every state was revealed to him by way of remembrance, not as the fossil remains of a pre-existence, nor was the God-idea reasoned out without external evidence. After referring to the condition of the dim, pre-historic peoples of the past, whose ideas of God and immortality he proceeded to prove from the evidence to be obtained from tribes of men even now existing upon the earth, were undefined if not wholly wanting—his friend, Capt. Burton, considering from research and experience among barbarous peoples that "Atheism is the natural right of the genuine savage mind"—he asked: How did the invisible world first make itself known to the early benighted cave-dwellers of the human mind? I answer, by becoming visible to them. It did not dawn from any sudden illumination which came upon a memory of immortality. The first idea of man's continuity after death, and the existence of a spiritual world, were engendered, I maintain, by direct phenomenal proof and visible demonstration. As we have seen, there are savages who do not believe because they have not seen; so we shall find plenty who do believe because they have seen.

in a future life, by the direct reappearance, under certain conditions, of those friends whom the persons so seeing had held dear. The early system of Christianity was based on this occult demonstration, which the present church rejects; among other points cited, being the fact of Christ having appeared to his disciples as he first set after his resurrection. The Hebrews were characterized by the lecturer as a gloomy, unsentimental people, who, in spite of their recorded spirit manifestations and personal intercourse, seemed never to have grasped the idea or doctrine of a personal immortality; of Jesus was truly the first-born of that nation to reveal eternal life. The mind of the speaker the earliest apparitions of the first men would be as low in the spiritual scale as the men were in the natural world; which accounted for the extremely material type of the angels who visited or were seen by Abraham, Lot, Jacob, etc., etc., in the early days of the Hebrew race.

The speaker then went into an elaborate tracing of the rise and development of the idea in the early races of a shadow, or spirit, connected with man—the words being synonymous in the Sanskrit and Avestan, and other aboriginal languages—"the man in the eyes" of the Maori Indians of Guiana, which after the death of the material man, did not also die, but "wandered about." This shadow had the capability of appearing, any fact was of the greatest significance as explaining idol-worship to a great degree. The West Indian islanders when first visited by Europeans, had carved little images, and set them up for worship in the shape of the very spirits which had appeared to them. A slave, near Hayti, had a population of idol-makers solely devoted to such spirit, as came only by night. These nocturnal spirits would be the most popular objects of worship, because considered able to work most injury.

Agnes on ages of objective manifestation man have passed away, must have passed away, before any real spiritual belief was wrought into the mind of man. There were facts, but not the faculty of thinking them out.

The savage mind acknowledged the existence of the "ancestors" whom his eyes beheld; but he was accustomed ever after that to think of them as "ended," and not as practically demonstrating immortality to him by their visually apprehended presence. And the matter did not seem to be much better with the Hebrews, by whom the something beyond death was recognized only as a misty mockery of life.

St. Paul, said the speaker, seems to have looked on the state of departed spirits as a sort of naked nothingness from which he shrank, and against which he embraced Christianity with its doctrine of eternal life. By degrees, the ghosts do evolve some kind of belief. Man begins to worship the God nearest to him, and the worship of ancestors is one of the earliest forms of religion. The worship of our Father in Heaven is preceded by the worship of our fathers on earth, as with the Hindus and Chinese apostate ancestors preside over particular families. Heed says when the mortal remains of those who lived in the golden age were hidden in the earth, their souls became beneficent deities, and hovered over the world, they were inhabited, and still watching, clothed in thin air, as guardians over the affairs of men.

Plato says the good when they die become the reporters and carriers between Gods and men. That doctrine, as we now know, was worlds ahead of the physical and materialism which the Christian church have clung to, and which they are the worst foes of a living spiritualism. Mr. Tylor, the ethnologist, argues that if there be spirits of persons made visible to us wearing the old dress, they must be spirits of persons who lived in the past, and not of the living. It is the very inference that led them to the doctrines of object souls and ghosts of things. The savage saw that the spirits appeared in the old recognizable dress, bearing the well-known weapons. He did not know the law of their resurrection, or re-clothing themselves in the earthly forms, and naturally supposed the things were spiritual too, or how should they be seen in spirit-life? This serves to double the evidence of his reasoning, having been founded on actual and visible objective manifestation. I know of very few facts in our modern spirit manifestations that may not be found in the past. The spirit-voice was continually heard by Moses. It testified aloud to the mission of Christ. Its revelations particularly distinguished the Virgin Mary from the shammas from other Hindu inspirations. These were heard, or the Deity was, as it were, overheard. This we now call clairaudience. In fact, the name for revelation in Sanskrit is *artha*, i.e., "hearing," which tallies with the mode of revelation by the voice. "And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee saying, 'This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand or to the left hand.'" It was in this way, I apprehend, that Socrates received the revelations and warning of his death. He was misraptured, and therefore heard the spirit-speak with an actual voice. "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand or to the left hand." 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admired for his ability, should have fallen as low as his confession would indicate, is the source of the bitterest disappointment to the church to all with whom I have conversed. Is it not passing strange that in the face, as it were, of the facts which nature presents, and of the history and the testimony of science, that any man of great ability and self-respect could have the brass to effronterly advocate such demoralizing doctrines before a respectable audience? It seems to me, and when we come to consider the question in all its bearings, its effects upon the welfare and

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood, Complete.

We rejoice to know that the secular press in most cases speak favorably of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood." In a late number of the *Auburn Advertiser*, W. W. Clayton comes out in an elaborate article, claiming for it a spiritual origin, and speaking of it in the highest terms. He says that the book may well challenge the attention of the reading public, not only because it contains one of the greatest stories of Dickens, but because of the alleged extraordinary manner in which the story has been finished. The public are familiar with the fact that the first part of the story was written by the great novelist as his last literary work immediately before his death. Since then the story has been completed and published in an octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages, by Thomas P. James, of Brattleboro, Vermont. Mr. James affirms that the spirit of Dickens finished the story through him as a medium, and is now engaged in writing another story in the same manner, which in due time will be given to the public.

Mr. Clayton claims that this, in fact, is one of a most astounding and momentous character. Let us not consider it lightly. It is a startling reversal of the old dual philosophy that "dead men tell no tales." Here is Dickens still writing stories! When his pen drops from his own hand of flesh and he disappears behind the curtain, he just reaches back through and puts his pen into another man's hand and goes on writing. Surely there is little need of much ado over great men's departure from this life, if such a continuation of their work is possible. The world, on this hypothesis, never loses its great men; they are still acting in its affairs through the medium of others, and perhaps more powerfully than ever from the vantage ground they have gained. The orators are still speaking, the inventors still inventing, and the musicians still composing and rendering their music, the moral teachers still teaching morals through others in rapport with them, and the poets and novelists still going on with their poems and stories. Dickens died in the midst of the story of Edwin Drood. Regrets were universal that he could not have lived to finish it. He was lamented by thousands of readers as one cut off in the midst of "this work," and it was said to think that his mighty pen had fallen from his hand forever, and that he could never more amuse and instruct the world by the wonderful creations of his genius. But it seems that all that was lamentation spent in vain, founded on ignorance of the facts. At least we must conclude if we are to accept as reality the theory of Mr. James as to the completion of the story of Edwin Drood.

He says further, that there is no denying the fact that Mr. James wrote the chapters for the conclusion of this story, whatever views may be entertained as to how he wrote them. Now if he wrote the completion of the story of his own mind and from his own knowledge and abilities, he is evidently a second Dickens, rising suddenly from obscurity, whose genius cannot be distinguished from that of the great novelist; for he has certainly produced, or finished, a story which bears the impress of Dickens throughout. It would seem that a man achieving such success would not only need to be a great man, thoroughly versed in all the minutiae of English history, manners and customs, but to be in a conscious state, having his eyes open and his wits about him.

But here again all calculation fails. Mr. Clayton claims, for it is a fact abundantly established by testimony that Mr. James was unconscious during the intervals of his writing. He avers that he began it, not knowing what he was going to do, and having never read the previous chapters written by Dickens; that falling into a trance state, Dickens appeared to him and made him his amanuensis; and that under the control of the spirit of Dickens, he wrote at intervals till he had finished the story. Moreover, he says that the manuscripts are published precisely as they were given, without the slightest

alteration. As to his writing with his eyes shut and apparently in a trance, there are witnesses enough who saw him in that state and read the manuscripts as they fell from his pen.

In conclusion, Mr. Clayton says: I have read the book carefully through, comparing the first part with the second in point of style and manner of telling a story, and I can see no difference—at least no difference enough to warrant the conclusion that the two parts of the book are from different authors. There is the same style, the same peculiarities, the same minute knowledge of English life. The story is a piece of a piece throughout. The reader must have sharper eyes than I have to discover where Dickens ends and some other writer begins, or to detect anything unlike Dickens in any portion of the latter part of the story.

Is it, then, an imitation of Dickens? If it is, it is a most marvelous imitation, considering how difficult a writer Dickens is to imitate and how poorly the medium seems qualified to imitate him, either in education or in familiarity with his writings. He is not an educated man nor has he ever been to any considerable extent a reader of Dickens's works.

I will venture to say that it would be a most hazardous experiment for any man, even the best qualified in our literary circles, to attempt to pass off a piece of his own writing as from Dickens, much less to attempt to tell the story of that author and carry it out completely as is done in this book.

The story has every evidence of being the development of a preconceived plot throughout, and therefore the product of the same mind. No writer could have taken it up where Dickens left it and carried it out so completely, for at that point the plot of the story was not sufficiently developed to indicate what was to come. I doubt if any new writer could have developed the plot as well as Mr. James appears to have done. If he had rehearsed the story with Dickens preparatory to the undertaking. But no one will contend that Mr. James ever did any such thing. Then, besides the plot, there is the difficulty already alluded to, of imitating Dickens's peculiar style in telling a story and his minute knowledge of English life. And above all, the fact that he has written this story without conscious intent and under the control of a spirit appearing to be that of Dickens, would seem to settle the question in favor of an explanation of the manner in which the story has been finished. Men in all ages have had some form of belief in books produced by spirits. Nearly all the sacred Bibles of the Hindoos, Hebrews and Christians are vaguely held to have been produced by an agency beyond the minds of the writers. That agency, whether conceived of as the agency of gods or angels, has always seemed remote and vague, a thing of the dim and shadowy past, belonging to an age of exceptional miracles, when the gods once for all condescended to communicate their wills to men.

Not till within a few years, when Andrew Jackson Davis and some others began to produce books by spiritual agency, did any one believe in the phenomenon as a present reality, or feel inclined to consider the question that possibly, after all, it might be no miracle, but a law of intercourse between spirits out of the body and spirits in the flesh.

So far as known to the writer of this, the present case is the first instance where the spirit of an author has been supposed to take the midst of a story, uses the organs of another man to complete his work. It seems a step in advance of anything hitherto attained. It is a more real; less vague and mysterious; the person communicating is known to the medium, the connection with the spirit's earth work is more intimate, being a continuation of it; and therefore more easily identified as the work of the same mind.

The reader may be disappointed in the way the story terminates, but disappointed in a way in which it always best to be disappointed; for the story leads him out of a lower, and less Christian into a higher and better state of feeling. Having all the way along sympathized with the principal actors, who are plotting, and apparently with wonderful success, and how to bring the villain, Jasper, to punishment, the reader will feel that a net is finally woven around the criminal from whose meshes it will be impossible for him to escape, and that the whole will terminate in a grand public trial in which all the evidence will be arrayed against him, and he condemned to suffer the extreme penalty of death. Instead of this all their plans fail, and the guilty Jasper meets with a thousandfold worse punishment from that retribution which God has taken care shall overtake the sinner for his guilty deeds. They are thus taught the lesson that while "God punishes the wicked," and that although the wicked may evade human justice he cannot escape the justice of God.

Seeing this clearly, those who had sworn to avenge the crimes perpetrated by Jasper with their own hands, and had devoted years to that one idea of revenge, come to a better spirit, and forgive the heaven-stricken criminal, while Jasper himself, long tormented with the ghosts of his crimes, and driven for a time to insanity, finally repents on the cold and sober grave of his loved one.

The great lesson of the book is, that a man's sin is sure to find him out, and that men ought to forgive rather than avenge with their own hands the crimes perpetrated against them. It thus teaches the highest Christian lesson, and is a very commendable story. And no book that I have ever read presents more beautiful and hopeful views on the subject of death.

"Startling Facts."

This book of Dr. Wolfe's is winning golden opinions in regard to its intrinsic merits, and as embodying the great demonstrated truths of spirit intercourse between the two worlds. In a letter written by Mr. ELIAS L. LEWIS, a well known citizen of Cincinnati, distinguished alike for his intelligence and public benevolence, the following notice of Dr. Wolfe and *Startling Facts* occurs:—

I hope, ere this, you have received "Startling Facts," which I expressed to you last Saturday morning. I am pleased to assure you, that the book is not a thing of idle speculation in romantic fancies, but an honest record of facts, authenticated, beyond all cavil or doubt, for to a very considerable extent, your humble servant is ever ready to testify, that he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears, very many of the startling facts therein recorded.

In regard to Dr. Wolfe, I would say, that he is a man of a noble and gentlemanly, and affluent circumstances. He does not care whether the sales of his book are even sufficient to reimburse him for his labors and pecuniary outlay. He believes that it was a duty he owed the world, to publish the book, and he has done so, and commends the public thus to accord to him honesty of purpose and sincerity of motive."

A Vexed Question Disposed of.

The House Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was referred the petition of E. G. Goulet and others, praying congress for "an acknowledgment of Almighty God and the Christian religion" in the constitution of the United States, have reported as follows:

"That, upon examination even of the meagre debates by the fathers of the republic in the convention which framed the constitution, they find that the subject of this memorial was most fully and carefully considered, and then, in that convention, decided, after grave deliberation, to which the subject was entitled, that, as this country, the foundation of whose government they were then laying, was to be the home of the oppressed of all nations of the earth, whether Christian or pagan, and in full realization of the dangers which the union between Church and State has imposed upon so many nations of the Old World, agreed, with great unanimity, that it was inexpedient to put anything into the constitution or form of government which might be construed to be a reference to any religious creed or doctrine. And they further find that this decision was accepted by our Christian fathers with such great unanimity that, in the amendments which were afterward proposed, in order to make the constitution more acceptable to the nation, none had ever been proposed to the States by which this wise determination of the fathers has been attempted to be changed. Wherefore, your committee report that it is inexpedient to legislate upon the subject of the above memorial, and ask that they be discharged from the further consideration thereof, and that this report, together with the petition, be laid upon the table."

We rejoice to know that this vexed question is disposed of for the present. Ministers of the gospel, who have never felt a sensation of God in their hearts, have exerted themselves in all directions in order to have him acknowledged by the constitution.

It is a well known fact, that the framers of this instrument, intended that it should be the cornerstone of a Republic, that should afford an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, and that Chinamen, Mongolians, Australians, Jews, Heathens, in fact, that any class of people, might come here and worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, which they could not do, if any religious restrictions were imposed upon them.

The Fathers of the Republic having suffered severely themselves from the effects of religious intolerance, spurned the idea of abridging, in any manner whatever, the right of each one to entertain any religious opinions he desired.

The committee had had this petition under consideration, acted sensibly in rejecting it, and giving those who signed it, a sort of "curtain lecture" on their ignorance and duplicity, in supposing that Congress was less liberal in religious views, than the patriots of the Revolution.

Delinquents Read This!

There has been manifested such a general good will toward this paper by those who are more than one year in arrears for the same, since we made the peremptory demand for payment of all such indebtedness, on or before the first of the present month, by remittances from a very large number, and the apologies have been so reasonable from those who could not pay by that time, that we have concluded to defer sending out our accounts, for the enforcement of collections of more than one year's dues, one month longer.

We wish to do by all, exactly as we would be done by. Such indebtedness must be paid. We trust that every one will see the absolute necessity of casting about for the money, and if necessary borrow it of some of your neighbors, and have the debt near home, then you will think to pay it without being dunned through your favorite newspaper.

You know well, we are in the habit of speaking boldly, and we know of no evil that stands more in need of reform than the evil of keeping newspaper publishers out of their honest dues. Hence it is our duty as the editor of the first reformatory newspaper in America, to speak plainly upon this subject.

Each and every person who is indebted to this paper one year and upward, and neglects to make payment before the first of April, need not look for anything less than a legal enforcement of payment, as proposed in another article upon this subject, which has been published in the two last issues of the *JOURNAL*, unless a reasonable apology is offered, and accepted by us. In all such cases the letter c will be found appended to the little colored tag attached to each paper, indicating the exact condition of each man's account. Such letter c signifies that the request for further time has been favorably considered.

LOOK TO YOUR ACCOUNTS.

They go to You Every Week Claiming Attention.

All who owe for one year and upwards and do not pay up arrearsages for this paper, on or before the first day of April next, will find their accounts left in the hands of a collecting attorney, in their respective counties, with directions to proceed to enforce payment at the regular delinquent price of \$5.00 a year. Those who promptly pay before that time will be let off on payment of arrearages at the rate of three dollars a year, providing they remit enough to prepay one year in advance.

In case any of our subscribers in arrears are laboring under any special misfortune, which deprives them of the means to make such payment before the first of April, they will be honorably dealt by, if they write and

make proper explanations, with reasonable assurances for payment at no distant day.

No one need complain at the publicity to which we may be compelled to resort, to collect the large accounts we are carrying for subscriptions, that justice demands should long since have been paid; nor need any one who has been receiving the *JOURNAL*, think to get rid of paying for it, under the pretense that some friend sent it to him and that he supposed such friend would pay for it. Those who eat at other people's tables must pay their own board bills—those that dance must pay the fiddler and those who receive a newspaper must pay for it. We can look to no other person than the one who takes it from the post office. It is a most contemptible and mean person that will try to sneak out of paying for the newspaper he receives, and such individuals are destitute of all sense of honor and propriety. We do not believe we have one on our subscription book, but we shall know more about it by the first of April. If we find that we have been laboring under a mistake we'll report.

Anniversary of the Progressive Lyceum of Chicago.

The Eighth Anniversary Festival of the "Progressive Lyceum of Chicago," was celebrated on the evening of the 25th of February ultimo, in the Good Templar's Hall, corner of Washington and Desplaines street, where the Lyceum holds its Sunday sessions. The exercises consisted of recitations, singing, and instrumental solos by members of the Lyceum, and friends who volunteered to help to give interest to the occasion, and light gymnastics by the Lyceum class. The hall was well filled with spectators and members of the Lyceum, who enjoyed the various exercises with manifest satisfaction and delight, especially the younger members of the institution.

After the close of the concert, the children received the currency due for their tickets of merit for punctual attendance and scholarship.

Altogether, the entertainment was a most successful and pleasant social reunion, and a source of enjoyment that will be remembered with a sense of pleasure by the happy participants, the remembrance of which will add to the pleasant memories of the new year of the Lyceum.

The Lyceum holds its sessions at half past 12 o'clock, P. M., every Sunday, in Good Templar's Hall, corner of Washington and Desplaines streets, where friends are always welcome.

Medium Foster.

The St. Louis Republican's New York letter, speaks as follows of Foster:

Foster has gone to Australia, leaving San Francisco with a strong smell of sulphur to account for much that he has done. You've all heard of the recovery of \$30,000 worth of property by our Japan Minister, De Long, through his instrumentality. The last day of his stay in Francisco, a Mrs. Emily Hunter, an English lady, whose sister came to this country fifteen years ago, a child of five years, sought to know of the lost relative. Foster told her her mother married again in the year 1860; he always called the little girl by the name of the first husband. The mother had died, and Mrs. Hunter supposed from her long silence. The little sister under the name of Margaret Hollister, had grown up with her step-father's relatives, was married somewhere in Brooklyn. That was the information the spirits gave Mrs. Hunter. Foster woke up when a map the day of this interview, with his back and breast smarting. Knowing from long experience what this meant, he proceeded to examine himself, and found his shoulders covered with directions, written in the blood-red characters that astonish his callers so frequently. One of these directions was the name, number, street and city of Mrs. Hunter's lost sister. Mr. Geo. Barlett, Foster's agent, went to see Mrs. H. with the valuable information, and the delighted woman arrived in the city Saturday night and is a pleasant and happy of the missing sister to-day, a devout believer in his Satanic majesty, Charles Foster.

THE FIFTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT of the American Insurance Company, which will be found in this issue of our paper, shows the company to be possessed of assets amounting to over One million six hundred thousand dollars, and of the 109,465 policies in force on January 1st, 1874, 104,097 are written upon farm property, private dwellings, barns and their contents, and 4,186 are upon churches and school houses. The growth of this Company speaks well for the prompt manner its contracts have been met and losses paid. The following number of policies issued from 1839 to 1874, to wit: 1850 to 1864, 9,960; 1864 to 1869, 20,171; 1869 to 1874, 123,303—total 153,434. Writing no policies upon property situated in Chicago, St. Louis or within the limits of any large city, the American commends itself to the farmer and those having dwellings to insure, as being the least liable to be swept away by a great conflagration.

Fresh Eggs.

We call the attention of those who wish to keep eggs fresh, to the advertisement in another column. We have been acquainted with the Chemist of the Practical Chemistry Company for years. He has probably experimented more and longer than any living man on the subject of keeping eggs fresh, and the treatment of butter. He is perfectly familiar with the component parts of an egg, and the effect of preserving substances in its various stages, and the proper methods of keeping eggs fresh, which the Practical Chemistry Company now offer to furnish for a reasonable compensation. The treatise on eggs showing the analysis and life and death of an egg, together with other valuable information, must prove of special interest to all egg dealers and lovers of fresh eggs.

CONFIRMATION of the intention to have another full-fledged Moses Woodhull convention at Chicago, is now fully manifest. Not a speaker who is not fully in their confidence intends to be present; nor will a person as we can learn, who is not equally in their confidence take part in, or attend their meeting.

Moses Hull the would-be martyr of the *Crucible*, and Lois Walsbrook of *Our Age*, are already on the ground.

It should be born in mind that it is to be an adjourned meeting from Elgin, where they sent greetings to a similar meeting then being held at Jackson, Mich., (which was superintended by Mrs. Woodhull in person) for those resolutions which they had adopted condemning all marriage laws—extolling the loveliness of *promiscuity*, and their unutterable hatred of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*.

We can commend even them for showing their true colors, and they have our thanks for all they say against the *JOURNAL* and its editors. It is their praise, only, that we should fear!

Try and be Patient.

We get off the papers to new trial subscribers as soon as possible, but it takes two weeks to get them into the printed mail list.

We, to prevent confusion have to do that. The demand for the *JOURNAL* is so extraordinary, that if we did not observe most perfect order, we should get in into inextricable confusion.

It is with pleasure we correct mistakes, and if any one falls to get the paper within three weeks from the time of subscribing, write to us and the mistake shall be promptly corrected. Every subscriber will receive the paper for the full time subscribed for and no old papers will be sent. All trial subscriptions will be discontinued when the three months are up unless renewed before that time.

See the liberal proposition for renewal of trial subscriptions.

The Popular Science Monthly.

The March number of the above named magazine is really superb. It is full of highly instructive articles, and can not fail to interest the progressive mind. No literary table is complete without it. Terms \$5 per annum, or 50 cents per number. Address D. APPLETON & Co., 549 Broadway, N. Y.

HONORABLE AND AMPLE have been the apologies and promises made by each one who has written to explain why they could not pay arrearages before the first day of March. Many have remitted with thanks for our continued indulgence, with assurance of promptness in making payment for the *JOURNAL* in future, with an unanimous declaration, "we can't do without the good old *JOURNAL*." Not a dead beat have we encountered yet. We don't believe we have one on our list. If we find one, it will be such a rare object among true Spiritualists, we will put him on exhibition.

THE LYCEUM speaks as follows of Hudson Tuttle: Hudson Tuttle, during January and February, lectured to the Society and Lyceum of Spiritualists and Liberalists of Toledo. The interest and attendance both increased to the last. As a Spiritualist lecturer he is without bigotry, superstition, or sensationalism, and certainly deserves the world wide reputation he has achieved. Liberal societies should not allow him to banish himself to his farm, as he desires, but should insist that he keep actively at work in the lecture field.

OUR SINCERE THANKS are hereby tendered to all who have, and still do labor so studiously to obtain three months' trial subscribers for this paper. We hope they will continue their efforts until the people of every school district are familiar with its teachings and what Spiritualism is. Those whose names are on the free list, who have exerted themselves in that direction, are not forgotten. Others who yet have done nothing in that direction may feel interested in having their neighbors take the paper. We shall see.

HANDSOME THING.—Many do the handsome thing by sending a long list of trial subscribers when they send their arrearages on the *JOURNAL*. We appreciate all efforts to circulate the *JOURNAL*, even if it does incur considerable expense to us.

BOOK AGENTS or those who would like to canvass for books, will find *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism* a splendid book to sell. We send out no books on commission but will sell to agents in quantities of ten or more at a time, at trade price.

MR. BURNS of London has ordered a large invoice of *Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism*, by Dr. Wolfe, and also a duplicate set of plates for the purpose of getting out an edition in England.

SCOTT-SIDDONS, "Queen of the stage" will read in this city this week, under the auspices of the enterprising managers of the Star Lecture Course, Messrs. Carpenter & Sheldon. See advertisement for particulars.

THEODORE PRICE is lecturing in Missouri, in the portions radiating from St. Louis, which point is his address at present. Address in care of Henry Hitecock & Co. Mr. Price will give three lectures for \$10.

BASTIAN and TAYLOR hold seances each evening of the week, Saturday excepted, at the Seance rooms of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE*.

THE renowned Richard A. Proctor, the greatest astronomer, probably, living, will lecture in this city, March 9th, 10th and 18th. For particulars see advertisement.

THE eloquent and learned Materialist, Prof. E. F. Underwood, is now lecturing in Iowa, and speaks in Dubuque Sunday the 8th of March.

Born A. D. 185, Died 254.

It should be remembered that Origen, learned, as he most unquestionably was, lived in an age when not one-fourth of the people could wear the garment of the robe and garment, slept on the ground, went barefoot, lived so plain as to be almost at no expense at all; talking, preaching, teaching, or writing, continually." Moehelem lauds him to the skies for his "pious and austere" manner of life on another of his delusions. Many have written his biography, which examine.

That the contrast may be vivid and appreciated, of Origen and his times, with that of our day, let us suppose we could visit Rome and New York, and imagine an interview in paying his respects to the Pope, thus:

"My name is Origen, Brother Pius. I call to tell you that I had no such education paid me as I learn you receive! No such fine church! No such fine robes! No such fine and costly ship to a graven image! No holy water! No candles to add worship in day time! I went dressed as you now see me; yes, went barefoot, and but one garment to my back. And all places where people would hear me, and sometimes as pelted with stones and rotten eggs."

BY J. L. SIMMONS

Our graveyards are not the dwelling places of the departed, nor are their coffins the bedrooms in which they are to sleep till a period of years has elapsed, and they are called forth to life again. There we lay away the shades, the cast-off cases of humanity, while the friends we mourn are sadly smiling at our sorrow, and the angels are cheering and praising the Lord that presses the mourner's spirit down. What we call death is but an epoch in the soul's history. Life here is the first act in the drama of existence. The body is the stage that falls to rags, and show us a fairer scene and introduce us to a better life. We mourn not the departure of our friends as those who are agonized with doubt as to whether the departed have a heavenly or a hellish bliss. The hell of abysmal despair; nor do we mourn as those who believe they are asleep, and that only a miracle can awaken them. There is no gulf between the living and the dead, no period of no wall that seems to be staled no vigilant gate-keeper to be eluded. In sorrow they are nearer to cheer us, in danger to warn, in temptation to strengthen or weaken their affection; in death to be reborn.

J. L. SIMONDS.

BY REV. STARR KING

DuBoyce, Ia.

Voices from the People.

not be well to make a little effort to circulate the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and LITTLE BOUQUET among that class who have no better mental food than the works of old theology?

The fact is, Christians work while Spiritualists make little or no effort to inculcate truth for fear of what Old Mrs. Grundy will say.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H.—Alvin Frost writes.—Your paper besides being right on the Woodhull doctrine, is liked for the other matter it contains.

Attention Opium Eaters!

For sale by all druggists.

Eggs Kept Fresh.

By a New Method,
For one-half cent per Dozen.

**A Safe and Reliable Remedy for the Cure of
Catarrh in the Head.**

Dr. Leavitt, a celebrated physician of this city says, "I would not take five thousand dollars for an ounce of this Powder in case I could not procure any more." I was reduced very low with Catarrh and it cured me. Mailed post-paid at these prices:

BY EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S.

For the information of parents and others into whose hands this book may fall, it may be stated that it is an attempt, in the absence of any kindred elementary work, to narrate, in as simple language as the subject will permit, the story of man's progress from the unknown time of his early appearance upon the earth, to the period from which writers of history ordinarily begin.

Introductory: Man's First Questions: Myths: Myths:

about Sun and Moon; Myths about Eclipses; Myths about Stars; Myths about the Earth and Man; Man's Ideas about the Soul; Belief in Magic and Witchcraft; Man's Awe of the Unknown; Fetish-Worship; Idolatry; Nature-Worship; 1-Water-Worship; 2-Tree-Worship; 3-Acimal-Worship; Polytheism or Belief in Many Gods; Dualism, or Belief in Two Gods; Prayer; Magic; Monotheism, or Belief in One God; Three Stories about Abraham; Man's Belief in a Future Life; Sacred Books; Conclusion.

S. W. Cor. Jefferson and Second Streets,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

This new and elegant House is now open to the public. It has been newly furnished and has all the modern improvements and conveniences of a first class Hotel, at greatly reduced rates.

Merchants and others that stay any length of time will be taken at a very low figure.

Send for price list of needles for all machines man-
ufactured. Address, HENRY CLARK & CO., Chicago. v15n34t4

New York Department.

BY E. D. HABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 437 Fourth Avenue, by Dr. Babst.

Dr. Fahnestock, Continued.

I have already shown the absurdity of Dr. Fahnestock's hypothesis, that because one's mind accomplishes things through its belief or will-power, therefore it shows that magnetism has nothing to do with it, and that there is no such thing as magnetism. I have shown that his own theory proves, rather than disproves the existence of some subtle element which must act as an instrument of the mind, as all things must have their instruments to work with before they can wield other forces. This very agent, this connecting link between mind and matter, we call odic force, or vital, or vital magnetism, or psychic force. This fluid is what Dr. F. denies the existence of. But are there any other evidences that such a fluid exists?

1. Clairvoyants, and so far as I know, all clairvoyants, see a fluidic emanation from different objects having a variety of beautiful colors. The top brain throws of a far more brilliant and subtle emanation than the base, the reasoning powers radiate blue forces, the affections red, the lower affections a dark red, etc. Baron Reichenbach's sensitive saw colors of light in mediums, and, nor only that, I have often seen glorious streams and fountains of many-colored radiations sweeping to and from me as my eyes were closed. Mrs. Minnie Meen has seen them from her childhood, and tells how they change as the mind changes.

2. Every sensitive or impressionable person can feel the magnetic radiations of others, sometimes a long distance off. Sometimes they are so charged with them that they go to sleep when they do not believe it possible that any one can put them to sleep. I find many persons have cured people without touching them, and when they had the least idea of being cured. Dr. Newton and various others have cured people many miles away, who felt a shock like an electric battery when they had no idea of what it was. He once stood in Rhode Island and cured the babe of the Hon. Chas. E. Perry, in Massachusetts, in a moment, by throwing a magnetic emanation to it. But this all came from imagination or belief, according to Dr. Fahnestock. What a wonderful baby it must have been to have thus stopped dying all of a sudden and used its power so strongly as to get well! I once cured a lady's rheumatic arm in two minutes at the very time when she was pronouncing magnetism a humbug. All a matter of faith is it? But such facts as these and ten thousand others that the Doctor has been ignoring all these years in order to carry out his theory. Statuology is an excellent thing, but there are many other methods of wielding power also.

But his intense effort to carry out a theory has made him deny some of the most obvious laws of nature, and some of the grandest principles of the Universe, such as the existence of positive and negative forces, etc.

"The time has come," he says, "when the community must either embrace the imaginary animal magnetic or psychological infatuation, or the Statuologic, independent and anti-positive, and negative forces."

The reason of this is that it is dangerous to believe in Psychology, as by so doing it is admitting that one person can influence another, and this he thinks must be wrong because it would destroy one's independence. Statuology, he says, proclaims "that all persons are independent."

Thus in his effort to make out that Statuology is the only law of mental forces, he denies that one person can influence another when everybody must know and see on all sides that people can influence each other. He says: "All are independent." When the truth is that the whole universe is interlinked in an endless chain of harmony, all being dependent upon all, and not a single particle of matter being independent of others, and again denies the existence of positive and negative forces, which if true would establish the reign of absolute death over all matter and mind.

He condemns psychology because if it is believed, one person is liable to gain advantage over another. Shall we believe a falsehood on account of some fancied advantage to be believing? Must we, ostrich-like, hide our eyes from the real dangers before us and thus run into a double danger? Shall we, like Martin Horky in the times of Galileo, refuse to admit that there are any other planets besides our own, from an absurd idea that they will cause some confusion or collision against our earth? "If the new planets were acknowledged," said Horky, "what a chaos would ensue."

I will never concede his four new planets to that Italian, though I die for it. If Statuology is acknowledged to be true, signifies Dr. F., then what a confusion will be caused, for a woman believing it will be psychologized to yield to the bad designs of a man. I will never believe in these new sciences, though I die for it. Well, Dr. F. does not exactly make this expression, and I believe he is a good man and wants to get at the truth, but I think he unconsciously carries out this spirit. A person can psychologize himself to believe a certain theory so strongly as to become unconscious of many facts all around him that entirely subvert it. Now, the fluid theory, I have found it quite easy to explain in my Health Guide what I deem the philosophy of Statuology, Psychology, Psychometry, Clairvoyance, etc. Can Dr. Fahnestock explain the philosophy of any of these on his theory? Then why hasn't he done so? It is always safest to show people the real dangers that surround them, whether psychological or otherwise, and then teach them how to avoid them. A very delicate and impressive young lady, feeling strong to resist the magnetic and psychological influence of a powerful and designing man, especially as Dr. Fahnestock has taught her there is no such thing as magnetism or psychology, allows him to approach, take her hand, and breathe his corrupt but strong aura into her system as he talks with her face near hers. She feels a strange thrill, but Dr. F. says that is nothing but her own imagination, and consequently she feels no danger any more than a bird does when charmed by a serpent. They go on, his magnetic aura swallows up her own feebleness, and, riles triumphant into her brain, and she feels as he feels, yields to every wish under the delirium; is ruined, and spends the rest of her life in amazement and grief that she could ever have done such a thing. My plan is to portray the danger and show the unconsciousness by ladies. A lady once told me that when she was in perfect health and abounded in magnetism, she would silently call a gentleman to come to her or go from her, and it was done. When she became sick

and demagnetized, this power left her. How much imagination is there about that so far as the gentlemen were concerned?

Well, I have only commenced this subject, and you must stop. Would that I could persuade Dr. Fahnestock to confine his attention chiefly to experimental science, and let some one else settle the principles that grow out of these experiments. Dean Swift says that mankind are constantly choosing wrong positions in life, too much like a sphere getting into a square place, and a square trying to adjust itself to a round place. Science and philosophy are both equally important, but to a considerable extent occupy separate spheres, and men rarely become eminent in both. With the kindest feelings towards Dr. Fahnestock, and thanks for the good he has done, I close my remarks.

(Continued from First Page.)

exceptional in Israel. She was not permitted to be a priestess. She figures only once or so as a prophetess, and is struck with leprosy; never as a writer of a sacred book. Yet, Moses must have known that naturally there would be a medium, and so set his face all the more sternly against them, and made women the weaker vessel, the most easily tempted of the serpent, and the cause of the fall of man. I beg leave to hand him over to the advocates of woman's rights.

Mr. Massey then discussed the matter of mediumship, and the influences which acted upon it, and said the experience had demonstrated that spirit-communication, as a fact, did not depend on the use made of it, nor on the moral character of the medium, nor on the mediums, and so set his face all the more sternly against them, and made women the weaker vessel, the most easily tempted of the serpent, and the cause of the fall of man. I beg leave to hand him over to the advocates of woman's rights.

Referring to the varying character of manifestations, as to truthfulness or otherwise, recorded in the scriptures themselves, and applying the same test to modern media, Mr. Massey said: They did all the same spiritual work, and all drank the same spirit, as did the Hebrew mediums. God's light is hidden under all that shies, and there has never been known such a success in infallible moral mediumship. We can trace progress all through it, from the shadowed representation of a spiritual world made to the savage mind up to the revelation made in Christ who came to inaugurate the reign of the holy spirit in place of devil or demon of the past.

The phenomena are real for us to-day, therefore they are real for us in the past. And it is the same altogether for us to wriggle and try to make a distinction between what they call sacred and profane history. They stand together, or together fall.

The whole phenomena rest on the same basis of absolute fact, and are not open to be made questions of relative belief by those who recognize no facts to go upon, and therefore refuse to believe, or those who having no belief altogether deny the facts, or those whose professed belief is for the first time tested in the presence of facts.

As a body, concluding Mr. Massey, the Spiritualists, possibly the most curious agglomeration of human beings in the world—an aggregate of the most diverse and unique individualities ever known. We are drawn, but not bound together by the facts that we testify to in common; we are an incoherent cloud of witnesses.

Of one thing only do we speak with one voice, and that is, the reality of our facts. But mark this; it was not Spiritualism that created this brilliant mass of individualities, each of which is unique, one to the set, "as it were; these are the diverse outcome of other systems of thought.

We are the warts on the stricken, stained tree—the thorns and thistles of uncultivated fields; the starvelings of materialism; the wanderers in the theological wilderness, and rebels against usurped authority; we clank together the excrescences of character, that could never attain its natural growth under the old cramping conditions. But we stand with all our distinctness, massed like a very *chez de frieze* around our central truth, touch it with their hands. And that I hold to be the most precious gift made to the age we live in—a gift of the new world that worthily repays all she has ever received from the old.

It may be the vision was true—it may be I look with visionary eyes, but, as I strained them across the Atlantic before I came, I saw your young world of the West arise and brighten with this new life quickening at her heart; this new dawn kindling in her face. I saw her throbbing and radiating with auroral splendors of this latest light as if the most golden future of humanity had been born with its risen ray, and she bore the millennial morning on her forehead, and shone and smiled, glorified and glorifying, in the very smile of God.

The Red Man's Friend.

We are glad to know that the Indians have one true friend, in the person of John Beeson. The *St. Louis Globe* says: Rev. John Beeson, well known as Father Beeson, "the man who has devoted his life to the Indians," was present on yesterday at the Spiritual lecture at the corner of Fifth Street (Clay) avenue, and after the conclusion of the lecture he was introduced to the audience.

Father Beeson stated that he was, and had been the greater portion of his time, a laborer in behalf of the Indians, and that he was now endeavoring to bring about a better understanding of the present unhappy condition of that unfortunate class. He desired to submit a memorial with reference to such relief.

This he proposed to do, and, after being read, the memorial was unanimously adopted. The following is

THE MEMORIAL.

To the Senators and Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

Your memorialists respectfully represent that there can be no redress for the mutual wrongs between the whites and the Indians except by mutual compromise, and as the territory which is occupied by the Cherokees and confederate tribes was purchased with the money for which the former homes in Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee were sold, and subsequently guaranteed to them by the most solemn treaties with the government of the United States, which precludes the right to infringe, by settlement or otherwise, on any portion of said territory without their consent; therefore, in order to aid them in the development of their mutual resources, and to share in the general commercial interests of the world at large, your memorialists respectfully commend for your consideration the plan proposed by Father Beeson, as herewith appended.

Passed by unanimous vote of the Association of Spiritualists, in St. Louis, February 23, 1874.

By H. A. REDFIELD, Chairman.

The plan of Father Beeson, if adopted, would place a complete revolution in the present system of managing Indian affairs, doing away entirely with agencies and military posts, prohibiting the settlement of white men on their lands without their consent, and, as the venerable Father argues, would finally be the means of educating, christianizing and purging valuable citizens of the now degraded semi-barbarians.

Entranced by Using the Magnetized Papers.

"It is the Work of the Devil."

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Chicago: Your diagnosis of my son's case is correct in every particular, and he feels much better than he did. The people around here say he looks better, and he says, he is a great deal better. There are a great many opinions about the matter in this place. If you cure him a great many will send you to be doctored. One man said in regard to my son, he presumed that you would do him good, and perhaps cure him, but it was the works of the Devil! I told him if the Devil could cure my son through spirit power, it was more than the God he worshipped could do. I want you to do your best in this case if you can, for I feel anxious in the matter. His head feels lighter than it did and more clear. I send another lock of his hair. My son has been in a trance once since you sent the magnetized papers.

GEORGE W. BOOTH.

Shelbyville, Blue Earth county, Minn.

THE PATIENT SEES SPIRITS.

DIXON, Cal., Jan. 18, 1874.

I send you \$3 more, hoping you will diagnose for me again. I will do as ordered without delay. I have seen spirits at my bedside. At one time two of them seemed to make a examination of me. I could describe them as minutely as if they had been in the form. I have been strongly impressed that it might have been your spiritual guides.

Wishing you much success, I remain yours truly,

E. B. PALMER.

SHE IS ENTIRELY WELL.

CANTERVILLE, Ill., Feb. 5, 1874.

MRS. DINTON: I got your prescription with considerable trouble and delay. The ten days has more than expired since my wife began taking the medicine. She thinks she is entirely well. She sends you her best wishes. You may send some more magnetized papers if you think best. She will continue as directed.

Yours as Ever,

J. A. BANDY.

SHE WAS AFRAID SHE WOULD SEE SPIRITS.

JEFFERSON CORNERS, Ill., Jan. 14, 1874.

MRS. ROBINSON, MY SISTER: Last Saturday, Mrs. Cushing received the magnetized papers, and applied them as directed, with one exception. She does not sleep alone for fear of seeing spirits. The very first trial was astonishing. She got up in the morning a new woman. The flush came in on her face, and instead of moaning about as usual, she moved about as one newly resurrected, and she feels so thankful that her prospects are so changed. She is in the midst of a skeptical community, but the truth is mighty, and will prevail. I send another lock of hair, so you can see for yourself. At the expiration of ten days she will report. So I believe the magnetized papers will do the job.

Respectfully yours,

HORACE HURD.

New Publications.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR has its usual amount of entertaining reading and good music.

THE MASONIC JEWEL for March is as usual valuable and interesting. This magazine is edited and conducted with much ability. A. J. Wheeler, Publisher, Memphis, Tenn.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March is unusually rich in illustrations, even for such a profusely illustrated magazine as it aims to be. Among other illustrated articles, we may mention, The Light Houses of the United States, The Chevalier Bayard, Bernadotte, Archibald Campbell and his friends, My Mother and I, Observatories in the United States. Harper's is now found in nearly every well regulated family in the country.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY for March has rather more heavy reading than usual, but is withal a good number. Pioneer justice in Oregon, and Orange culture in California, are articles of especial interest. Each number contains information concerning the Pacific slope that can not as well be obtained anywhere else. John H. Carmany & Co., Publishers, San Francisco, Cal.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for March contains rich reading on self-knowledge, opening with Chief Justice Waite, with portraits; Prof. Natta's essays on morality, considered Physiologically; Taste and Temperaments, a reason for denominations; The Mound Builders; Conversations About our Faces; Hereditary Character; An Elective or Appointive Judiciary; Alfred Dockery, M. C. of South Carolina; Domestic Help; Women at the South and at the West; A Royal Pair, with portraits; Vampires and Vampirism; The Slaves' Twins, with illustrations, showing them at twenty-five and at sixty years of age; Obligations of Character; Do Your Own Thinking; Timber and Ornamental Trees; Agricultural Hints, etc. Only 20 cents, or 300 a year. Address R. R. Wells, Publisher, 380 Broadway, New York.

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VOL. XVI. { S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. } CHICAGO, MARCH 21, 1874. { \$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE;
SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS. } NO. 1.

A Man Starves to Death and After Many Days Comes to Life. What He Saw in the World of Spirits.

We understand that he is engaged in writing out descriptions of the scenes presented while he was apparently dead, and I have no doubt, his articles will be of great interest, although weird and startlingly novel in the ideas they present.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

About nine years ago I went to New Orleans. The filth of the Mississippi made me recoil every time I washed or attempted to drink its water. I then drank water only and shrunk from it with horror. The kitchen's smell almost suffocated me, and before my return home my bowels were severely purged. I partially recovered, but relapsed and ate a little for a month, during the whole of which time I vomited several times daily, that I was a wonder I survived the ordeal. I can only say I was reserved for a far greater wonder.

Last spring was unusually cold and the house vegetation was delayed two or three weeks. When it came my stomach was too irritable to eat it and then began a wonderful course of events, the strangest of anything I could imagine possible and too much so for me to say, but that was also the time I began to open it, to have any faith or confidence in. I have heard of such things, but never supposed them to be real. The explanation of our physicists which then seemed satisfactory, are to me now the wildest guesses imaginable. The matter is a very simple or when rightly explained and a very absurd or when any one attempts to be very sure about it.

offered, it would set me into spasms. I had no recollection about it, but that have of a year ago, I was eating a piece of meat and a strange history then followed. For eight days I suspended eating entirely but vomiting frequently. At the end of three days of torments I was supposed to be dead. I had been conscious pulseless for a long time but breathing slowly and slowly. My brother at last discovered no signs of life and I was strangled me out and pronounced me dead. Just then I rolled over in bed, causing the greatest possible surprise. My wife had watched incessantly, and kept the stove going night and day, trying her wife to the utmost for some food that I could eat. I took a spoonful of rice water—a teaspoon once in four hours.

I saw singular events transpiring, and now know that all religions are true, or at least have a great essence of truth upon which they are founded. This may seem strange talk by one who so long regarded them as mainly mere fiction. I now understand the meaning of many things which seemed like the silliest fiction or something worse, if possible, which are related in the Old Testament which apparently no desire to deceive, but are so repugnant to our views, and so inconsistent with our selfish, I still think them to be revolting as horrible, to have even mentioned &c.

But don't anticipate me. There is punishment there too! Spirits suffer for the deeds of the body. I saw a trial of the "late" arrival from this world by the "Christian" Council, and learned that "they were condemned and ordered into exile, there to suffer the punishment they were being admitted into the general societies."

This is no doubt all mysterious to you and you have nothing more than my word for its being reality. If I ever meet you, and you have a desire to hear the riddle explained, I will do it with great pleasure. I have no doubt that all have a desire to be free of death, and would rather welcome the "angel" than the monster! There is nothing for

Most of the Bible writers seem to have been
soured in their sentiments toward woman.
Paul declared the husband to be "the head
the woman," and forbade women to speak
the churches, instructing them, if they would
learn anything, to learn it from their husbands
at home. He declared he was all things to
all men, and was doubtless so on this subject.
The Revelator tells of the four-and-twenty
elders of the heavenly Jerusalem, all men; and
describes the one hundred and forty-four
thousand, especially pure and holy men, praising
God; but he does not find any woman
there.

Why should not a woman aspire to fill her true place in life, with a high and noble aim in view? Why should she be deprived of opportunity to attain to excellence in her own sphere of right action as a true woman? Why should she be hindered in her struggles for perfection in her part of provision? She had heard the Rev. Mr. Chapin plead that "woman should be allowed to labor in any sphere where she had capacity." It was an objection with some, "woman might neglect one of her duties by permitting herself to do over head that man had any certain sphere to fill? O, I tell you, said the earnest speaker, never did a true woman feel the home and patriotic feelings rising through her veins as she has longed to do a slight thing for the place of the side of her brother man; and a sweet fellowship of interest help to push on the grandest reforms of the age, and make the world better for to-day, and better for the coming generations. If you would have equality and justice among men, you must have equality and justice among the sexes. By elevation of woman you elevate the man. The man must man himself up, and be occupied with the empty fashions of the day with no higher, grander aim before her, and the consequence is seen in domestic inharmonies and ruin of the fondest hopes. Let woman

"Woman, how divine thy mission,
Here upon our natal sod ;
Keep, oh keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God !
All true tropics of the ages
Are from Mother-Love impearled ;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world."

J. P. DAVIS

In the United States our Puritan Fathers held and exercised the right to dispose of the persons and property of heretics as they might elect; and in the exercise of this assumed right, they fined, whipped, imprisoned or hung heretics, such as Quakers and Baptists. Their next great effort in the United States was to prove from the Bible that the slaveholder had a divine right to hold

Twenty-eight years ago, the New York *Observer* published the proceedings of the Anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The question whether polygamists should be admitted to the mission churches, had to be met. The question was referred to a committee, Cassius M. Waiworth of New York, Chairman. Said committee "reported against instructing the missionaries to exclude polygamists from their mission churches." Much discussion

Of course the Bible was quoted to prove polygamy scriptural, and such characters as David, Jacob, Abraham and Solomon referred to, to prove that saintly persons, who were much better than any body now living, had from two to half a thousand wives.

From the most careful study of church his-

Des Moines, Ia.

Three Days' Meeting in Philade phia.

The association, in connection with the State Society, will celebrate the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Two meetings in the day, and a musical and literary entertainment and festival in the evening.

E. ADDIE ENGLE, CAROLINE H. SPEAR,
Secretaries,
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., President.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
J. R. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1874.

The Dark Side of Life, or, What is Evil?

THE SNOW! THE SNOW!

"Some verses were written, some time ago,
In rapturous praise of the beautiful snow."
But the poet was partial, as poets will be,
And only one phase of the snow could be seen.

Now, what I propose in my rhyme is to show
The opposite of the beautiful snow.
And thus I will sing of the snow:

"The snow! the snow! the villainous snow!
For it goes with the scum of the street I know."

It desecrates the tread of the murderer's feet.
As he steals to the victim upon the street;
And when he has given the fatal blow,
He calls to his aid the falling snow,
Destroying all traces of his retreat!
Participes criminis snow.

"The snow! the snow! the treacherous snow!
It covered a spot on the ice, I know;
Where the water was deep, and the ice was thin,
And it waited for some one to tumble in!

It circled around and danced with joy,
As it watched the approach of an innocent boy.
A childless mother was weeping that night,
For her boy had forever gone from her sight!

Unheeding, treacherous snow!
"The snow! the snow! the murderous snow!
It stifled the tread of a father I know;
And it hid his body from mortal sight,
In the freezing cold of a winter night.
It seemed to rejoice when its work was done,
As a victor rejoices a victory won,
While three little orphans were listening in vain,
For murderers, unfeeling snow!

"The snow! the snow! its presence I know,
Brings many a pleasure and many a woe.
The rich may enjoy in social mirth,
The festive ride to some festive hearth,
When revelry reigns, and the bright fire glows,
Where the song birds round, and the red wine flows,
Where the dancers are dancing with merry feet,
Keeping time to music soft and sweet!
Ah! little they heed or care to know
Of the famishing wretches out in the snow,
Of the perishing out in the snow."

The poetical mind from which the above bubbled, was accustomed, no doubt, to look on the dark side of life. Yes, there is a dark, pestilential, poisonous, and sorrowful side to life. The philosopher may affirm that "Everything in its place is best, and that which seems bad is only show-strengthens and sustains the rest;" and that "all are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul," and that "what is, is right," and that "a wise God ordered all things for the best," and that "everything is good;" but there are those who reside on the dark side of life, the unhappy side; the side of sorrow, pains and disappointment; the starving side, the side where sickness prostrates, hunger weakens, reverses sadden; where lives are wrecked as if tossed on the turbulent waves of the ocean,—who think differently!

We shudder as we write, and send forth our mind to glance at the dark side of life; the side where smiles are only seen through tears, and where happiness is unknown. How sad the thought! How heartrending the cry of the unfortunate, as they go off tremulously on the breeze, lying in plaintive echoes that seem to mock at God!

Who made this dark side of life? Are you in it? Are you ill clad? Are you pinched with cold? Are you starving? Are you sick, lying on a pallet of straw? Are you crying for bread? Do pains rack your bones, and sorrow cloud your features? Perhaps not! We hope that God has prospered you.

Starving Bengal prayed,—"O, Almighty Supreme Vishnu, Thou art the Preserver of this world; save, therefore, Bengal and all other places from the impending drouth." But the Christians pray to Jehovah; and as we said once before:

"There are Gods of wood and Gods of stone,
There are Gods of ivory and Gods of bone,
There are Gods of iron and Gods of brass,

There are Gods of porcelain and Gods of glass.

Some Gods have horns, some Gods have scales,
Some Gods have fins, some Gods have tails,
Some Gods drink wine, some feed on grass,
Some Gods ride clouds, some ride an ass."

But which one is responsible for the sorrowing, starving, dismal, pestilential side of life? Do people starve in Chicago? We have a Relief Society here, that tries to illuminate this dark side. One day a letter reached it. It was from a woman, a noble true-hearted woman. She had supported a sick husband and child for fifteen days on \$3, and if they would give her that amount, she could do it again! What self-denial there? Think of it, you who are on the cheery, bright, laughing, joyous side of life, and know no want! This lady had once moved in the best circles of society; had won quite a name by her literary productions, but now, alas! she was covered with a few scanty rags. Her child was sick, her husband, once a prominent merchant, was dying of consumption. There was no furniture in the room except an old dry-goods box, a broken chair, and an old straw-tick, which served them as a bed, and which had only recently been presented to them by an old Irish woman. The house was visited by several gentlemen, and before the poor and distressed sufferers knew what was going on their room was converted into a pleasant and cosy place. A man brought in a stove, which was set up, and a fire started. Another man followed with a gable and chairs. Then a bed was set up, and a comfortable mattress and blankets placed on the same. A load of coal was placed in the yard, and food and money left in the house. The poor lady and distressed husband, when they perceived what was going on, fell on their knees and thanked God for His goodness, and when they rose to thank their benefactors, they were gone. The joy and happiness of the unfortunate sufferers were thanks enough for them. Such a happy New Year they had never witnessed before.

Yes, they thanked God. It was well. A little sunshine in their cheerless abode animated them with emotions of gratitude!

People never thank God for misfortunes. No hallelujahs are sung in honor of a famine! No praise ascends to Jehovah, extolling him for a destructive flood! The cyclone, a mighty giant, never gains friends for the Great and Mighty One! Who would think of having a Thanksgiving in honor of a famine, or a celebration to hold in remembrance an epidemic? Do you thank God for destroying, as you do for preserving?

See the fires of Vesuvius. What angry flames come forth like cursing, hissing devils! See the waves of lava in their serpentine course, crushing in their poisonous embrace the cottage of the peasant and the vineyard of the hardy honest mountaineer! Shall we kneel in prayer, thanking God for this destruction? Thank him as the hellish, sulphurous flames dash in high carnival on the breeze, and fork toward heaven, as if bidding defiance to the pure and holy ones there! Thank him as the flower gardens and fields of golden grain vanish beneath the red hot lava! Thank him as the fire and ashes engulf Pliny the Naturalist, in a literal hell! Thank him while all this ruin and devastation is being wrought! Do you do it?

Will you thank God when the beautiful snow, the pure snow, the untainted snow, the innocent snow buries six couple, young gentlemen and ladies, locked in each other's embrace—yes, burying them in Minnesota last winter, during that terrible storm there? Thank him as you bend over the sorrowing sick one of earth! Thank him that the prisoners of the Virginians were shot! That Perret was hung! That a convict in Joliet prison was whipped to death! Thank him that thousands strived to death last year in Persia! Thank him that the lightning struck those little girls playing on the village green! Yes, if you thank him at all, let your thanks ascend as high as heaven, and penetrate as deep as space! Thank him for veratrous weeds, poisonous herbs, and the sterile desert! Thank him when the majestic steamer is jostled along on the ocean wave and wrecked! Thank him as the old and young are engulfed in the briny deep and become food for sharks! Thank him for the piercing cold wind that whistles through the crevices of yonder lonely cot. There is only an old woman there, and the noise of the surging breezes, reminds one of a den of hissing serpents, as they pinch her cheeks, numb her limbs, congeal her blood and liberate the poor wearied spirit. Yes, will you kneel and thank God that the old woman is dead? "Rattle her bones over the stones, she is only a pauper whom nobody owns." Dare you—are you bold enough—to thank God for the dark side of life, as well as the bright side?

Did God make the bright side of life? Surely, says the Christian. Then show me him who originated the dark side, the side of moans and sighs and unhappiness. Is that side without a God? Did no hand of Deity paint that side with such dismal colors! Answer the question philosopher! Answer the question Divine! Answer the question some one, for to-day, though we are submissive, we don't feel like thanking anybody for wrecking that man, for starving that child, for causing a drouth in Bengal, a famine in Iowa! Somebody did all this! Call there be a book without an author, an engine without a builder; a world without an architect; an effect without a cause?

We feel prayerful to-day, but in the midst of our solemn devotions, we see standing before us the suffering ones of earth, and as we thanked God for all things, blessed, dark, damning, dreadfully frightening, fall upon our ears in solemn mockery! Not thank God

for storms, tempests, cyclones, pestilence, famines, plagues, locusts, and pestiferous vermin! We tried to, but the hisses of the poor, heart-broken ones of earth drowned our voice!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Spirit Power fully Manifested.

At one of Bastian and Taylor's Seances held recently at the Seance room of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, a lady spirit presented herself at the cabinet window, showing herself plainly, and pointed to a lady present. The lady recognized the spirit and called her by her Christian name, saying—"Why, Charlotte, is that you?"

The spirit smilingly and gracefully bowed affirmatively to the inquiry, and with her hand beckoned the lady to come to the window. She obeyed the summons; and there the ladies, the one a spirit and the other a mortal, held a conversation in voices heard by all present—the lady in her ordinary voice, and the spirit in a distinct whisper.

The substance of the conversation was about a little girl by the name of Jessie, ten years of age, whom the spirit mother had left an orphan but one week before.

The spirit desired the lady to go and see the child and look after her future welfare.

An audience of some twenty persons were present. All saw the spirit distinctly, and heard the conversation plainly, as here related, and they felt a deep anxiety to know from the lady, what she knew about the spirit—the writer among the rest. She was a stranger to all present except one lady who sat by her side; hence, we asked her if she would be so kind as to inform us what she knew of the spirit? She replied,—"She was my warmest and nearest bosom friend. She died but one week ago, and little Jessie, whom she wants me to look after, is a little girl she left but ten years of age."

We afterwards desired her to consent to our publishing the facts, giving names and places of residence of herself and the family of the spirit. Her reply was, "Oh! don't do so. We are all Scotch Presbyterians, and I could not endure the obloquy and censure it would bring upon me. Our friends would denounce it all as the work of the Devil, and it would do no good, but would hurt me very much."

She afterwards called at our reception room, and informed us that she had been and seen about Jessie, and said her uncle had taken her, and would bring her up well—satisfactorily to her spirit mother.

Here is manifested the anxiety of the deceased mother for the little daughter, importuning as she had power, a bosom friend to go to the rescue, which she did, and the child now has a good home.

Another case transpired but a few days since at the Seance room, in a Seance held by the same mediums.

A popular clergyman and wife, with two of their friends—all of Chicago—visited the Seance room, in *oio*. During the Seance, the minister's wife had a valuable diamond ring taken from her finger by a spirit. She plainly felt it taken from her finger. She felt a little anxiety about it, and so expressed herself. She was told to have no fear for its safety, as the spirits always returned everything of the kind. In these Seances, knives, pencils, watches, rings, etc., are often carried by the spirits from one to another, by request.

Just before the close of the Seance the lady had a slip of folded paper slipped between her lips, which she held fast until the close of the circle, and the lighting of the gas. On taking it from her lips, she found written on the paper in pencil, "You will find your ring under the pillow of your bed on returning home." This intelligence was revealed to no one present, but the clergyman and two friends. To them she showed the writing.

From the astonishing manifestations they had witnessed, although members of a popular church, they were prepared to believe it might be all true. They knew there was no opportunity for deception in the circle, as test conditions had been maintained all through the Seance, and no mortal could have written and put the slip of paper between her lips.

The clergyman, not wishing to "grieve the spirit" by lying about the facts (as did the Rev. Moses Sherman, of New Hampshire, about the cure of his wife through a spirit medium, he saying it was a miracle of Jesus Christ), but wishing to have abundance of evidence of the fact, if a fact it should prove to be, gave the key of his house to his friends to open the door and lead in advance, to see if the spirit statement should prove true. All moved in line and went to the bed, raised the pillow, and there to the astonishment of all of them, lay the lost ring. We should not omit to say that the residence of the clergyman is about three miles from the Seance room. The possibility of imposition is simply out of question. The clergyman, his wife and friends deny any such possibility, and yet they "would not have their names mentioned for the world."

These are but specimens of spirit phenomena that are daily transpiring at the Seance rooms of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Since the foul doctrine of "Social Freedom" has been shown by this paper to be only a vile parasite, clinging to, but no part of, Spiritualism, our philosophy is taking deep root in the hearts of the people, and the best men and women of the country are subscribing for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and visiting our Seance rooms, with a sincere desire to know if it be a fact that the presence of loved ones can there be realized.

Every word we have stated in regard to the above two cases is true. The facts stated about the deceased mother we witnessed, and had the particulars about her death and the little girl, from the lady addressed by the spirit.

The facts about the ring we heard from the clergyman's wife, and one of their friends who was present, they having since visited our Seance room for more light.

The injunction of secrecy we hold sacred, as we do all similar secrets of our creed-bound brothers, whose deacons would make an onslaught upon them, worse than they do upon poor McCarthy, if they knew of the investigations being made by many clergymen and hundreds of church members.

Testimonial to Bastian and Taylor.

These mediums are still holding circles at our seance rooms every evening, except Saturday, with good attendance. Their dark circles are extremely interesting and wonderful. In them Mr. Taylor describes spirits, often giving their names; meanwhile materializing themselves through Mr. Bastian, they manifest their presence in various ways, such as patting and shaking hands, carrying rings and other articles around, speaking in audible voices, playing and floating instruments, etc.

Last Monday evening, Mr. J. W. Parish, of Washington, D. C., attended the circle, and in an unostentatious manner presented the mediums with a splendid Music-box, playing eight beautiful and select airs, as a token of his regard for them as mediums and gentlemen. Accepting the testimonial from the gentleman, Geo. Fox, controlling spirit of the circle, addressed the giver of the gift, through the trumpet, in words to this effect:

"Mr. Parish, allow me in behalf of the rest of my band and our mediums, to return your grateful thanks for the beautiful Music-box you have so kindly presented. May your heart-strings ever vibrate in sweet unison as do the notes of this melodious instrument, and may your soul ever accord in harmony with all that is good and lovely in Nature."

Johnny Gray, another of the spirits, then wound up the box and as we said, "sent it kiting," floating about over the company, making its music sound inexpressibly sweet.

The following note received by the mediums the next day, explains itself:

HARRY BASTIAN AND MALCOLM TAYLOR—GENTLEMEN:—In presenting the music-box to you, in an informal manner to you and your controlling spirits, I did not expect any response from your guide in the way, time and manner in which it was given at the circle. I fully appreciate the sentiments and kind wishes expressed toward me in so clear and audible a voice by George Fox.

The token is but a small trifle in exchange for the benefits that I and my friends have derived from the Spirit-world, through your instrumentality, convincing us of the reality of the immortality of the soul. I trust that the use of the gift in the circle may serve to harmonize the minds of sitters, and impart an additional interest to the manifestations produced through your mediumship which has heretofore given such excellent satisfaction to the honest and impartial investigator.

Yours Fraternally,

J. W. PARISH.

Prayers Against Whiskey Dealers.—The Philosophy of the Movement.

RAWSONVILLE, Ohio, March 3rd, 1874.

MR. S. S. JONES:—In the last issues of the JOURNAL, there are two pieces on the present temperance movement, more particularly the last one by A. Benton, of March 7th, which has caused some uneasiness in these quarters, out here in Ohio. Now, when I state this, don't understand me as saying, that I or any of us find fault with your theology, for I am a Spiritualist, and my name was among the list who took the first issue of the JOURNAL. I have no more faith in praying to an orthodox God than you have, although I was raised in the Methodist church, but it is in the way you allow it to be connected with the women's present war on whiskey, for although the whole thing was started, and is being carried on, by orthodox women, still, we out here, endorse it, as I think it is but another spoke in the wheel of the Car of Progress, in the right direction, and it is our duty to do all we can to assist, no matter who—whether Jew or Gentile, and aid them in efforts to help to suppress the mightiest iniquity that ever cursed a country. I also say, with many of my orthodox neighbors in this, a war of holy alliance on the whiskey ring, they being backed up by money, and what is greater still, the long standing custom of society, we ought to bury out of sight anything that would in the least obstruct, as I think, this great and good movement. Why, the lowest down inebriate in the land, can take Bro. Benton's piece and shake it in our face, and say, hurrah, we have at least one influential paper that gives us a lift. We have, at any rate, the Spiritualists on our side. Just read his article of March 7th.

Very respectfully,

MARIA N. PIERCE.

We most heartily endorse the reasoning of Sister Pierce. We understand her reasoning to be sound.

While we have no faith in the Jewish Jehovah's answering the invocation of the women who are moving in prayer, to abate the evil of intemperance, we do believe that their united efforts will produce a salutary effect upon public sentiment, which will awaken the better and higher elements of the whiskey dealers' beings, and thus induce them to abandon the traffic for more laudable business.

The good ever comes uppermost in the long run. Agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom.—ED. JOURNAL.

Volume Sixteen.

With this number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we commence volume XVI. Never before was the JOURNAL in so prosperous a condition as at the present time. It is admired on account of its boldness in denouncing the free love infamy, and for its untiring efforts to advance the interests of true Spiritualism. Free lovers hate its pure, white pages, and do all they can against it. Notwithstanding their vile efforts, the JOURNAL is rapidly increasing in circulation, and does

not feel the effects of their innuendoes, any more than a mountain would the nibbling of a fly.

The forthcoming volume will be especially interesting in all that relates to phenomenal Spiritualism, and we have reason to believe that our subscription list will be largely increased, thereby enabling us to exert an influence in comparatively new fields, that will cause the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy to take deep root there.

An Infamous Postal-Card.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—Little did I think when writing that short, but earnest letter to you via the post-office, to publish in the JOURNAL, of February 14th ult., that I would be so soon called to judgment by a Chicagoan of the Woodhull stripe, to reply to questions like the following: Nevertheless such is the fact: The questions are too indecent to be published, and yet they were sent in violation of law on an open postal-card!

Now, Brother Jones, I would ask permission to reply to my unknown Interrogator through the JOURNAL, least some other Woodhull bore should be mean enough to repeat the same or a similar interrogatory; but before I proceed further, allow me to give you the message entire as it was sent me, and upon a postal-card at that, open to the scrutiny of post masters and their subordinates. The message as sent bears date, Chicago, Feb. 7th, 1874, and is addressed to Dr. J. W. Jordan, Port Huron, Mich. [The letter from the address to the signature is not fit for publication.] Signed, J. E. Hoyt, 975 West Madison street.

Now, Mr. Questioner, you have made a very random saber thrust, at least in my case. You struck very much as I have men do under the influence of delirium tremens, aiming a bludgeon blow at some phantom serpent, just in the act of crawling out of their boots. Not that I would insinuate delirium in your case, but a note in the eye, distracted vision, "damned spot" that won't out at your bidding.

I will now reply to your question, direct. Dear Hoyt, consider me now on the witness stand, true evidence to give to question No. 1. Reply:—Not one, my dear seeker after truth, and since I have been forced to ignore the great wisdom of Solomon, I discard the vices generally of our Brother, and I discard bullrush notoriety, with his forced concubinage of captured virgins, and fallen out a little with the man after God's own heart, on account of his wife stealing proclivities, I don't like to be hauled into a generation of a modern Moses, hauled out of Adventure in Spiritualism, and not being drawn free, hauled out again into hell, I think, judging from his superabundance of animal fire. So look out, dear Sisters, or he will be importing you for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue!

Now, I will reply to question No. 2. I am not, for the very good reason that I have never had any lock, or anywhere else outside of lawful wedlock. Further than that, I never intend to.

Now, Mr. Hoyt, you have my answer, a square denial of both of your ungenerous insinuations, and you may consider yourself at liberty to impudently evidence. You may, it is true, be a little disappointed in the testimony I have given before your judgeship, but you might be more seriously disappointed, should you be arrested for a flagrant violation of the postal-card law. Also please remember it is not always righteous to judge by one's own self. Such assumptions are often very faulty. But suppose I was all you seem inclined to insinuate, would that help a bad cause? Would the "new departure" infamy go down any easier? Would it rest on the Woodhull & Co.'s stomach lighter, or be less nauseating to the public palate? Did you ever know any extended multiplicity of wrongs to make one right? Let me ask, would you glory in being able to convince yourself that there were no pure minded men and women in the land,—none that were governed by principle instead of lust? You may say that from my words, I know nothing of the all-potent "elixir of life." Well, be so; let me rest in my ignorance, for it often brings bliss. The experience of the sting of an adder, I would not deem very inspiring, or much to be desired. Should you decide that a burnt child dreads the fire, have it so—any way to please you, except to make me out what I am not, and never intend to be, a *Libertine* Spiritualist. Was I a Bible stickler, an especial believer in its being the unimpeachable word of God, I might as an associate in promiscuity or concubinage, but I can't believe the statement made, that Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, or that ever should live, and being an Infidel Spiritualist in that sense, I can't advocate a promiscuous commerce of the sexes.

Mr. Editor, not wishing to tax the patience of your numerous readers unwarrantably, I will close this article by giving you a smattering of my matrimonial creed. First, then, don't lie to, nor deceive the woman you would marry. Tell her all your faults, but let her hunt out your good qualities, if you have any. Don't try to cheat her and get the best of the bargain, as you might a horse jockey. Then you may be sure, if she marries you, and she is an intelligent woman, she won't expect more than the premises warrant, and any growth or improvement on that part, will not fall to inspire her with fresh hope, but she should never allow to wither. Would you retain her love and confidence, hold the first and most valued place in the highest reception room of her soul, be sure you do not ruthlessly throw away, or unwisely place in the hands of another, the golden key that gives you admission to the banquet of her love. Then you will have little or no desire to go affinity hunting.

W. JORDAN.

Port Huron, Mich.

The man Hoyt who writes the letter on an open postal-card in violation of the postal law, is the same old smooth tongued defamer that travels over the country, a *la social-freedomite*, denouncing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and slandering all who do not favor the "new departure" infamy.

He is the man who is superintending the arrangements for the adjourned Moses-Woodhull meeting from Elgin to Chicago. He was one of the "books and bottle-washers" at Elgin, where they sent greetings to the Jackson convention in Michigan, applauding them for resolving against all marriage laws and the JOURNAL, and lauding promiscuity.

Dr. Jordan need not be surprised at anything that common defamers say and do. That is exactly in their line of business.

The "new departure free-lust" was conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin. Blackmalling was the milk that nourished it—to that end foul slander was resorted to. Commencing upon Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton, it has been hurled against

every one of note who has attempted to expose the impurity of their teachings.

Dr. Jordan may consider all that Hoyt or any other one of that class insinuates against him as far more to his credit, than their words of commendation would be.—Ed. JOURNAL.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists.

BROTHER JONES—I thought it possible you might not receive the postal-card circular from Wilson and Howard copied below, and I can spare this as it is no use to me. I do not endorse all kinds of freedom. If the convention is not Woodhull, and is composed of most, if not all, the respectable Spiritualists of Northern Illinois, a resolution will be passed condemning the teachings of Mrs. Woodhull.

Yours for right,

J. C. HUNT.

Sterling, Ill., March 8th, 1874.

DEAR SIR—As a reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we call your attention to the efforts of its editor to crush out our Convention under the plea "That it is a Woodhull Convention." This is not true. Our Convention is composed of Spiritualists and Liberalists of every kind, embracing most, if not all, respectable Spiritualists of Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. Our platform is free on which all subjects germane to the Good of Mankind may be discussed.

We hold our Seventh Quarterly Meeting at Chicago, at Grow's Opera House, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 13th, 14th and 15th, 1874. We are cordially invited to be present and take part in our effort to maintain the truth, Free Speech and a Free Platform.

O. J. HOWARD, M. D., President.

E. V. WILSON, Secretary.

Lombard, Ill., March 4th, 1874.

The above is a postal-card circular, being sent by the officers whose names are appended to the same, to the Spiritualists whom they expect to inveigle into their "social freedom" convention. It is a wall of distress. The O. J. Howard, Pres't., is the man who got up the next day after Victoria C. Woodhull had been elected of the Moses-Woodhull convention at Chicago, and made her speech most foul, and had his vote recorded for her, he having been absent on the day of election.

E. V. Wilson, Sec'y., is the man who published, to his own shame, his letter of invitation to Woodhull, to be at the convention at McHenry, and he is the man whose betrayal of the Spiritualists at Elgin was so manifest that they utterly repudiated him and his convention. It was at that Elgin meeting, which was, and is, entirely in the interest of Moses-Woodhullites, that resolutions of approval were sent to the Michigan meeting, greeting them for publishing the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the only open door out of our social difficulties is the entire abrogation of all merely man-made marriage laws, leaving the sexes free to seek harmonious associations under the laws of nature.

Resolved, That the late course of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in misrepresenting the friends of Social Freedom, and belying its great principles, meets with our unqualified disapprobation, and that it is unworthy of support in any shape whatever.

The following greetings passed between the Elgin convention, run by Mrs. Julia H. Severance, and the Michigan meeting, run by Mrs. Woodhull in person:

"To the Spiritualists of Michigan in Convention at Jackson.—We send you greeting. A victory for radicalism. Answer. Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists." To which the following was sent:

"To the Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists, at Elgin.—The banner of individual sovereignty in the ascendancy."

The dying effort of those Moses-Woodhullite leaders, is to inveigle Spiritualists by private postal-card circulars, knowing that true Spiritualists would have no confidence in the Woodhullite Weekly and Our Age, which is published in their interest.

Those people desire to have a respectable turn-out at their funeral. There is not a single officer in their meeting, who is not to-day, an outspoken advocate of Woodhullism! We make not a single exception; and there will be no solitary speaker at their meeting, who is not fully imbued with the "social freedom" abomination. Moses Hull is already on the ground.

Who among the Spiritualists, that ignore Moses-Woodhullism, will consent to act as pall bearers on the occasion? We know not of a single individual, who would aspire to that honor.

H. Melville Fay.

We are in receipt of a letter of commendation of the mediumship of A. Melville Fay. This was the man who was detected and confessed himself an impostor in Camden, N. J., but a few days since. His practice has been to go to a place and impose upon Spiritualists for a while, and then turn up in a few weeks or months afterwards as an exposé of his own tricks, under the patronage of the churches.

Now the patronage of the JOURNAL is threatened if we do not land this notorious villain as a genuine, honest medium.

This threat will avail about as much as the threats from other quarters we have often encountered.

Let all such seize upon the four winds of heaven, and when they hold them fast, turn upon the JOURNAL with hopes of preventing sensible people from patronizing it. Until that feat is accomplished the JOURNAL will continue to warn all seekers for truth to avoid all impostors, who trifle with the helix sentiments of human nature—a love of communion with dear ones in life.

If Mr. Fay gives evidence of true mediumship, and, further, brings forth fruit meet for repentance, that he will not play the role of a self-stultifying impostor, exposing himself as an arrant knave, we will sustain him as we would a reformed penitentiary convict; until then we shall present H. Melville Fay to the

public, just as his own mirror reflects his image, and hide the consequences.

Our friends in all parts of the country where Fay has been, first exhibiting as a medium then as an exposé, will confer a favor by sending us a postal card testifying to the fact. We hope this request will be promptly attended to, and then, perhaps Mr. Fay will rise and explain.

The Little Man of Violent Dislikes comes to Grief.

Our readers of a year ago will remember that the Chicago Daily Times had a city editor by the name of W. S. Walker, who was subject to fits of "violent dislikes."

Once on a time, about three years ago, while the same little man was engaged on the now defunct Chicago Daily Republican, he called at this office to interview the editor of this paper. Like a dog affected with hydrophobia at the sight of water, he was taken with one of his spasms and went away foaming at the mouth. Again, a year ago, he attended one of Bastian and Taylor's sances at the Seance room of this Publishing House. Here he was seized with a spasm of "violent dislikes"; but soon after sought the sanctuary of the city editor of the Times, hoping by such a retreat, not to be disturbed by one who had accepted a wage he had tendered of one thousand dollars (which sum of money he happened not to have), that he could perform all the feats that the spirits did through the mediumship of Bastian.

Our old readers will remember the particulars of the inglorious retreat made by him, and the lesson he learned—to put up his small change first. Suffice it to say, that the sanctum of the city editor of the Chicago Times, soon after had a new incumbent, and nothing more has been heard of the man of such sudden paroxysms until the telegraph brought from Washington to the Chicago Tribune the intelligence, "Gath administers a drubbing to W. S. Walker." The dispatch goes on to say that Walker had been misrepresenting—lying, as is his custom, about Mr. Townsend—"Gath," of the Tribune, who called upon him at his office, and flogged him with that very dangerous weapon—an umbrella! Walker being seized with one of his fits of "violent dislikes" (such as he entertains against Spiritualism), and being a non-combatant, sought refuge under a table! He faucet.

The Escaped Nun.

Mrs. Edith O'Gorman will lecture at McCormick's Hall, Thursday evening, March 13th. She is said to be very beautiful as well as very eloquent.

The Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Pittsburgh press speak in flattering terms of her lecture.

It will doubtless be a rich and racy lecture, showing the inside "social freedom" workings of the most powerful church in the world.

God speed Miss Edith in showing the iniquity practiced by even one branch of the self-righteous and false pretenders.

Doors open at 7:30. Lecture commences at 8 o'clock.

Notice to Trial Subscribers.

Any one of our trial subscribers who is not prepared to pay in advance for a three months' renewal; on the terms offered, can have it continued on credit for three months, by sending us a postal card to that effect, at the regular yearly rates, which is seventy-five cents for three months.

It is our desire to favor every honorable investigator of the Philosophy of Life.

We know the times are hard for raising money, hence we make this liberal offer to accommodate those who are out of ready means at the present time. Before three months more elapse, all laborers will be employed at compensating prices, and can readily pay for so valuable a paper as the JOURNAL. Let us hear from you at once.

Look to the Little Colored Monitors.

On every trial subscriber's paper is noted on the colored tag the exact time when it will cease to be sent, unless renewed about two weeks before that time.

Those who would avail themselves of three months' longer time for about the cost of the blank paper, should look to our proposition, referring especially to renewal of trial subscriptions, and avail themselves of it at once.

A New Book.

For Twenty-five cents, I offer you a book that contains more truth concerning Christ and his Apostles, than has been given to the world since the Christian era. It is sifted from the New Testament, and from the history of Josephus. One tells what was to come to pass. After giving their double-meaning, allegorical history a thorough sifting, I cut off their notes and arrive at the following conclusions: That Christ and his Apostles were gross impostors; that Josephus and St. Paul were no one else but Christ himself, after he had risen from the dead, still had never been dead. I carry them through the Jewish wars, where their awful threatnings were fulfilled, and they had put their enemies under their feet, and one of their number on the throne.

THOMAS JONES.

For sale at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

Austin Kent Fund.

All amounts received for this fund will be immediately sent to the above named person, who is not able to secure his own support.

J. P. Horton, St. Louis, Mo., \$50

Angela will bless such noble deeds of charity.

It is better to send direct to him at Stockholm, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

The Little Bouquet.

Don't forget, friends, that the above named gem of beauty needs your kind attention and support, for your children.

The first year closes next month, and the April number is now in type ready for the stereotyper to finish up for the press.

We trust that all old subscribers will promptly renew for another year. The children must have mental food. See to it, friends, that the traditions and dogmas of never ending hell torment, are not fed them to their self-kill. Place in their hands the LITTLE BOUQUET, which teaches them the true Philosophy of Life—to be good for goodness' sake.

Remember we can not possibly send the LITTLE BOUQUET without advance payment.

Terms \$1.50 a year or 75 cents for six months. Direct LITTLE BOUQUET, Chicago, Illinois.

Day, Colchester's Fund.

All money donated to the above-named fund is to aid Bro. Lester Day for his loss in paying Bro. Charles Colchester's fine for not procuring a license as a Medium. Bro. Colchester is now deceased, and Bro. Day is an old man, in destitute circumstances. Send him anywhere from a dime to such a number of dollars as your ability and judgment dictate, and angels will bless you for it. Direct to Lester Day, 865 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Amount previously reported, \$146.41
J. P. Horton, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.00
Mrs. J. Bonchard, Michigan City, Ind., .50
W. Strickland, Andover, O., .50

Quarterly Meeting.

The Third Quarterly Meeting of the North Western Association of Spiritualists will be held at Berlin Green, Lake County, Wis., on the 10th, 11th and 12th of April, 1874. R. C. Reicks, of Ohio, and other local speakers will be in attendance.

Our two former meetings have been largely attended, and highly interesting to Spiritualists and rational and philosophical thinkers. Everybody is invited.

ISAAC ORVIS, Pres't.

Oakfield, Wis.

BANNER OF LIGHT please copy.

DR. E. W. STEVENS having delivered a series of lectures at Janesville, Wis., R. C. Hanson, E. W. Baldwin, Geo. Godfrey, H. L. Barger, J. P. Thompson and W. G. Cutler speak in very high terms of him, saying "his lectures were of a high order, clear, logical, consistent, deep and concise, imbued, throughout with an earnest, religious spirit, in entire harmony with the religious and scientific unfoldments of the times; and were set forth with a happy blending of impassioned oratory, convincing arguments, simple narration, and apt illustration, marking him as a lecturer of more than ordinary ability, and one who deserves the ear of the public, and the attention and sympathy of progressive minds of every grade. We commend him to the Spiritualists of Wisconsin, as one who can enable them to think better of their race and kind, appreciate more truly their duties, privileges and destiny, their relations to themselves, their neighbors, and their God, and one whose ministrations can not but be for good wherever he may be called to labor."

J. N. VAN ORMON, Secretary of RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, of Plattville, Wis., reports that the society in that place is in a thriving condition. That they have had several good speakers of late, among whom he mentions by name, C. B. Tupper, Sister Daniels, Br. S. C. Trowbridge, president of that society; Sisters C. E. Good and Mary Anne Clagy, and S. C. Hadden. The three last, he says, are good clairvoyants. He also makes particular mention of Brothers and Sisters Sherman and Pratt of Mineral Point, where their next meeting is to be held.

Br. Van Ormon also gives a report of several resolutions, which the society have adopted, which signify business. We may publish them in full if we ever have spare room for them.

We shall in our next issue, again present our readers with the answers to questions given at Grow's Opera Hall, through the inspired mind of Dr. Samuel Maxwell. He is really a splendid medium, and is doing a grand, good work.

BENJ. CHERRY, Esq., of Beloit, Wis., has our sincere thanks for his special efforts to circulate the JOURNAL, often paying considerable sums of money out of his own pocket for such purposes.

The kind friend who wrote us from London, Minn., on Feb. 10th, enclosing a list of new subscribers, and \$3.40 to pay for them and his renewal, neglected to sign his name. Let us hear from him.

Among the fine arts not lost is the art of children making holes in the toes of boots and shoes. Time taken about ten days. SILVER TIPS are an excellent remedy, never known to fail.

Rev. J. S. THOMSON, formerly of New Milford, Pa., and a preacher gifted with eloquence, force and ability, has taken up his residence in Binghamton, N. Y.

Mrs. JAMES GOULD has been doing good service by lecturing in various parts of Maine. Her post-office address is Bangor, Me. She has our thanks for her efforts in behalf of the JOURNAL.

S. H. SHAMAN, Brosville Wis., is the address of a subscriber on our list, and there is no such post-office. Will the friend who sent it, please correct and oblige.

R. TRIPLE, please give your post-office address. Will then credit your remittance.

J. P. ROSENBERG, your remittance received. Will credit when you write and state town and state.

Philadelphia Department

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained, at wholesale or retail, at 254 Race St., Philadelphia.

Holliness vs. Passion.

The following letter which appeared in the BANNER OF LIGHT, of Feb. 21st, is so appropriate, and expresses our sentiments and feelings so well, that we present it to our numerous readers:

In your issue of January 24th, I find another of those fine and sweet letters, so often given us by Spiritualists, in all dealing with bitterness and opposition, seeking after up and hatred and war against unbelievers, and calling on the friends to cut the cord at once of oppression. Now, I am as devoted to the cause of Liberty as any one within our broad land, and just as jealous of the reformers' rights. I believe in giving forth to the world the waters of truth until they deluge every part of the earth; but I say let them descend holily, purely, fresh from the shining river above, and not impregnated with the passions of men. Don't discolor their liquid beauty with the evil reaction of vengeance, and do not speak of mingling the crystal flood with crimson gore.

The writer in the letter referred to, declared that if God's name is incorporated in the Constitution, there will follow laws for driving the people into churches, that no one will be allowed to walk or ride on the Sabbath, except to church or Sabbath-school, that one demand will succeed another, and finally refusal to comply will restore the reign of the faggot, rack, and other instruments of torture.

In another place he says: "When I witness the efforts made by the clergy to regain their lost power, to secure laws by which they may hang Shakers, Spiritualists, Jews, Infidels, Free Thinkers, I am surprised at the apathy of the people and most of the papers that profess to be the guardians of the public weal."

It may not seem so to others, but to me and to many this does appear like the very hot breath of rebellion, and not at all the calm, sensible assertion of a fact, with its attending wise appeal. I repeat, let the truth be spoken, and the people be wiser; but let us not, for heaven's sake do away with this ranting, ranting style, that only does injury to the good cause, and brings neither credit nor advantage thereto.

It is no more than a year ago since I was a strict church member. A power above me led me to investigate the Spiritual Philosophy. I touched the veil lightly and cautiously, for I feared there was a demon enthroned behind it; but as day followed day, and month chased month, holy influences gave me strength little by little, the curtain of doubt rolled away, and on a sudden I stood within the sanctuary, and in the immortal light of Truth. Since then I feel that I have stood upon the Mount, and the transfiguration has opened a new heaven, a new home of which I used to dream long ago, but dared not contemplate, for to believe in the power of God, for others held was to merit eternal damnation.

In the midst of all the joy that is mine I stand comparatively alone. I feel like one who sits down to the banquet alone. His friends, his beloved ones, come not to share the joys of the offering of the Spiritual Philosophy. His residence is to them one of enchantment, where once lured you are made to forget the faith of your youth. They say: "Yes, all is seemingly perfect; you dwell in a scene of splendor, you taste most palatable dainties of belief, and you stand upon the dawn of security, for no yawning hell comes with its temptations to disturb your dreams; but alas! in the future when the Prince of Power descends, he will touch your magical castle with the wand of his might, and it will vanish in air, while you will fall prostrate before him, and in view of it you now ignore."

So they think and so they say in spirit; but I hope with a deathless hope for the good seed I am trying to plant to blossom forth into buds and flowers of faith—the true faith—that one after another may come in and sit down at the banquet table, and share the joys of the offering of the Spiritual Philosophy. With me they may be able to exclaim joyfully: "God is good. He is merciful, and he loves us with a father's tender love that will not permit the weakest of his children to perish." Yes, I hope for this; and the means I wish to employ in their conversion (how they would smile at that word) is the Banner. I want to send it to them sparkling as it is with beautiful truth; but I cannot forward those bitter, bitter letters that some of your correspondents write, so I just cut them out and let the Banner float free from so much of the "earthly" that my friends must gather together to admire the love and the purity, the meekness and peace, that spangle its folds and send down their radiance like the smile of the Nazarene on a too proud, angelic world.

ANNE JAMES.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 6th, 1874.

New Publications.

The March number of Wood's Household Magazine is received. It opens with an interesting story entitled "The Guiding Hand," by Mrs. H. G. Rowe; following this, Joseph Snider gives his "Experiences in the City of Angels," for his simple and plain way of the land should lead to their profit; "My Prayer" is not a religious sketch, as one would suppose from the title, but is a most touching story told in the sincere manner and rough speech of a railroad hand. The Weekly Diabolical, by Kirk Kins, aims a sharp and timely blow at sensational literature. In the instalment of "Misery Jippeau," H. V. Osborne raps the knuckles of the fashionable clergyman, and buries Penny Post from sight.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of The Living Age for February 28th and March 7th have the following rich and varied contents:—Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge, Edinburgh; An article by the same author, on the Letters of Mrs. Browning; on Literary and General Topics, Contemporary Review; Spanish Life and Character in the Interior, during the Summer of 1873, part of Macmillan's Magazine; Sully, Soldier and Statesman, New Quarterly Review; France, Italy and Germany, Saturday Review; How Far Have Our Working Classes Benefited by the Increase of Wealth, Economist; and, together with part third of the very remarkable story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," the conclusion of a story by Anthony Trollope; a short story by the author of "Patty," and the usual amount of choice poetry and miscellany.

AGENTS WANTED: to sell our Standard Publications. Send stamp for Catalogue and Terms. Address, J. B. FORD & CO., at Chicago, New York, Boston, Cincinnati, or San Francisco.

\$10 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted every where. Write for Circular. E. BLAIR & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

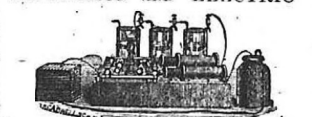
Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Utrine Wafers

For the cure of Female Weakness, Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb.

These Wafers are for Local Treatment, and will be found much more convenient to use than preparations usually prescribed.

The Formula was given by a French Physician, Dr. Charles DeForcellani (now deceased). They were used with his practice, and have been advertised of late introduced to the public generally. We have tested them thoroughly, therefore with confidence present them to the public, feeling assured their merits will win the confidence of all who use them. Price-List, same as Powders.

MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC



POWDERS.

Are curing: CANCERS, CATARRH, Rheumatism, Asthma, Erysipelas, Paratyphoid Fever and Ague, Yellow Fever, etc., etc.

NATIONAL SOUTHERN HOME, Dayton, Ohio.

SETTLEMENT, 1873. This is to certify, that after having been under the treatment of the Magnetic and Electric Utrine Wafers, and having exhausted all other remedies, I have been cured of the following: Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Cervix, Catarrh of the Ovaries, Catarrh of the Fallopian Tubes, Catarrh of the Peritoneum, Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Sigmoid Flexure, Catarrh of the Colon, Catarrh of the Stomach, Catarrh of the Duodenum, Catarrh of the Pancreas, Catarrh of the Gall Bladder, Catarrh of the Bile Ducts, Catarrh of the Liver, Catarrh of the Spleen, Catarrh of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, Catarrh of the Uterus, Catarrh of the Vagina, Catarrh of the Cervix, Catarrh of the Ovaries, Catarrh of the Fallopian Tubes, Catarrh of the Peritoneum, Catarrh of the Rectum, Catarrh of the Sigmoid Flexure, Catarrh of the Colon, Catarrh of the Stomach, Catarrh of the Duodenum, Catarrh of the Pancreas, Catarrh of the Gall Bladder, Catarrh 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Special Notices.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

The Household Panacea and Family Liniment is the best remedy in the world for the following complaints, viz: Cramp in the limbs and stomach, pain in the stomach, bowels or side, rheumatism in all its forms, bilious colic, neuralgia, cholera, dysentery, colds, fresh wounds, burns, sore throat, spinal complaints, sprains and bruises, chills and fever. Paralyze vegetable and all-healing. For internal and external use. Prepared by CURTIS & BROWN, No. 215 Fulton Street, New York, and for sale by all druggists.

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W.—In that way you know yourself up, do you not?

Fay.—I called on you to see if you would aid me in getting up a seance.

W.—I can not do it, sir; do not entertain humbugs when I know it.

Fay then took another look in the glass and

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New York Department.

BY E. D. HABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and advertisements for this paper received at the New York Magnetic Cure, 457 Fourth Avenue, by Dr. Habbitt.

The Temperance Movement.

The ladies are certainly showing a commendable zeal in a good cause, whether they are working wisely or not. The poor, drunk women, how they have suffered from drunken husbands, sons and brothers, and how they are taking hold, in the best way they know, to try to abate the nuisance. It is time, something was done, for there is certainly a great deal of intoxication abroad. We spiritualists believe in being philosophical, and going to causes of things, instead of merely talking and praying at a vice. We believe in having people born right and reared right, instead of feeding children on a stimulating diet of meat, peppers, spices, heating foods, tobacco, etc., and then wondering why they will patronize the liquor establishments so much when they grow up. And yet, let us encourage the church members so far as we can, in the good work. A temperance church is better than anything, and it seems the church itself needs a considerable purifying in reference to liquor. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial in Coshocton, O., says: sixteen out of twenty four of the grog shops there are kept by church members. The New York Tribune Church corporation, which is wealthy enough to buy up part of a state, rents a large number of buildings for liquor saloons, and formerly many of its buildings were let to persons who kept houses of prostitution! They are now being taken over by the temperance cause, the propriety of letting them for other purposes, especially as it is very easy to find plenty of business firms who will occupy them.

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

Within a few days back I have clipped the following, historical evidence from our New York papers, which preach louder than mere theories, and will set people to thinking:

FROM TALMAGE'S CHURCH TO THE GRAVE.

On Sunday evening the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage of Brooklyn preached a terrific sermon on future punishment. Many of the congregation were deeply affected. Among those present was Miss Mary Lincoln, a young lady whose home was in Rhode Island, but who was visiting her friends in Brooklyn. When she went to the church she was apparently in her usual good health. At the conclusion of the discourse she fainted, and was carried out of the church. Before her friends could get her home she died. The young lady was the daughter of wealthy and highly respected parents, who were overwhelmed with grief at the news of her death. Coroner Jones held an inquest, which resulted in showing that death was caused by heart disease, hastened by mental excitement. The remains of Miss Lincoln were taken to her home in Rhode Island in charge of her parents for burial.

Nellie Weeman has killed herself in Springfield, Mass., at the age of seventeen, because she believed that she could not become a Christian. She had attended several revival meetings in the Methodist Church, and the dread of eternal punishment there aroused had affected her mind. She was a bright intellectual girl, but very sensitive and impressionable.

A young religious convert in Kingston, N. H., insisted upon being baptized on a recent cold Sunday. He argued that he had result could possibly follow a holy rite, and against the remonstrances of his friends, the ceremony was performed in a stream from which the ice had to be cut. He caught a bad cold, and died of the exposure and shock.

A woman with nine children starving in Centre st.; a crane nearly 80 years old taking care of a crippled husband and two grand-children in West 4th st.; a poor girl who fell from exhaustion in West Broadway, was pronounced crazy by a police surgeon, and after sleeping in a cold cell all night, was taken to the Tombs without breakfast, and committed on a charge of insanity—such are midwinter incidents in the metropolis.

The Rev. James Jones, miller and preacher, of Union Grove, Wisconsin, has been tried for fraud and sedition. The Council for the church had not always handled the truth with sufficient carelessness to meet the demands of veracity.

Spiritual Gleanings—No. 1.

THE DEMANDS OF THE AGE.

In the midst of nature, towering above all other forms of life, stands man, the masterpiece of her laws. As the stately oak tree lifts its branches above the sickly birches and straggling elders, so man, in the proud consciousness of his supremacy, rears his head above all the other life, declaring in his soul, "I am superior to all!" In fact, each form of life—whether it be animal or vegetable—which has appeared upon the earth throughout the almost infinite ages of the past, has done its part toward providing a suitable place for the habitation of man. For him the molten mass of the earth was hardened into stone; the rocks were ground in the mill of the elements, that plants and trees might grow to furnish him with nourishment and with shelter. For him the glaciers came rumbling from the North; for his benefit the myriads of toiling polyps reared the coral reefs; for him the grey dawn emits its misty light, and the setting sun spreads its curtains of gold and purple over the whole heavens. In the midst of all these beautiful and wonderful workings of nature, stands man, the image of Divinity—the Divine made manifest in the flesh! What is there in man which has placed him at the head of creation? Why have all the ages of the past toiled for him? What makes him the image of Divinity? A thorough contemplation of man, presenting following statements as answers to the above questions. In man there is something beyond matter, something that reasons, acts, and reaches out after knowledge, in fact, a soul or spirit, and this soul which leads him in search of truth, in every direction, constitutes his supremacy and places him at the head of creation, and makes him the image of Divinity.

Conscious of his lofty position and aware of the capabilities of his mind, he has even been reaching out after that knowledge which would be of benefit to him. In this past, he developed the occult or hidden sciences—such as astrology, alchemy, gymnosophy, etc.—in the present age his mind has been turned to the phenomena of nature and their real causes. Thus he has been able to build the practical sciences of to-day, and disperse the chimeras of the past. With the aid of mineralogy he seeks amid the formations of the past for gold, silver and precious stones, and through laws of Hygiene for the elixir of life instead of spending his time like old Alchemists compounding their various chemi-

cal in a fruitless search for the philosopher's stone. Out from the vagaries of the medieval ages, and the still older past, we are marching over the ruined shrines of superstition into the regions of practicality. The demand of the past was for truth hidden behind the mask of fable, and science enshrouded with mystery; the demand of this age is for truth revealed, and science divested of all mystery turned toward producing practical and beneficial results.

Then, this is an age of practicality. Theoretical and speculative philosophy are on the decline. The mind demands certainty in everything, and that can only be obtained by means of a careful scrutiny of facts. Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, and La Placé arrive at their conclusions in astronomical science only through a careful and persevering study of facts. By means of the discoveries of Prof. Bunsen and Kirchhoff in spectrum analysis and their subsequent application to practical science, we have made wonderful revelations with regard to the particular kind of the elements of the stellar world. By means of geologic data we have brought to light the past history of our world, which was previously hidden beneath the debris of the ages. Chemistry through the laws of analysis points out to the agriculturalist the particular kind of soil and the kind of food of vegetable life. On the wings of electricity our thoughts fly over mountains and valleys and dive beneath ocean currents, uniting all nations into one family. We hew down the trees of the forest, or dig into the earth and take out coal, draw a bucket of water from the river, with these two natural products, yoke the intellect of man, and go whizzing through the country with almost the rapidity of lightning.

Even our religion has assumed a practical nature. It has taken the mission of today as hard at work divesting it of all the paraphernalia of the past. The fundamental doctrine of all religions, namely, the immortality of the soul, rested upon a mere supposition, until the advent of Modern Spiritualism. The dark clouds of this world and the next have all disappeared. The grim phantom, death, is annihilated. And to-day we speak of the next world and the inhabitants thereof, with as much certainty as of the world in which we now live. Sometimes we are permitted to even pierce with the spirit the veils which lie between this world and the perpetual glories of Summerland. Even dim faces of the so-called dead come up before us.

Tennyson says:
"No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the spirit himself, may come,
Where all the nerve of sense is numb.
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost."

In science, in religion, in everything, the demand of this age is—reform. The Christian church has already stolen the bellows of Spiritualism to blow the smouldering embers upon their altars into life. But alas! for the clergy, they were too late; their last faint spark of religious fire has already burned out, and all they have left is smoke and ashes.

Spiritualism answers to the demands of this age inasmuch as it takes hold of the reforms of to-day with earnest hand. While it is striking herculean blows at the crime, misery and superstition of to-day, it is building up a glorious republic, where health, justice and equality shall take up their abiding place. We are moving rapidly onward. We are every day growing wiser. Angels are all times showering down upon us golden gems of wisdom. They are ever calling out to us, "Come up higher!"

Gerald Massey says:
"The mightiest souls of all times hover o'er us,
Who labored like gods among men and are gone
Like great bursts of sun on the dark way before us;
They're with us, still with us, our battle fight on,
Looking down victor-brow'd, from the gloomy crown'd hill
They beckon, and beckon us on, onward still;
And the true heart's aspirations are onward, still onward;
It turns to the future, as earth turneth sunward."
Natick, Mass. GEO. A. FULLER.

The Religious Influence of Spiritualism.

[From the (Eng.) Spiritualist.]

I have here endeavored to furnish you with a hasty record of the more marked stages of my daughter's mediumistic experience; to narrate the whole would require a volume. It may not perhaps be inappropriate to add that I have at last, after my long search for truth, discovered in Spiritualism a religion that satisfies both the "yearnings of the soul and the demands of reason." At one period of my life I had, like many others, been in the habit of reading the Bible without using much effort to obtain an understanding of it. In fact, it would then have been impossible to understand it. Now—read by the light of Spiritualism—discrepancies vanish, and I find that nations and religions have in all ages testified to its divine significance and mission, the gospels themselves being substantial and truthful memorials of the same universal spiritual manifestations.

In confirmation of this opinion, I hope you will permit me to quote, for the perusal of your readers, the following lines from the writings of a Persian poet of the 13th century. They were uttered at the moment when death was about to darken the windows of his earthly habitation, and must, even after the lapse of seven centuries, find an echo in every heart:

"Tell thou to my friends when weeping
They my words decry;
Here you find my body sleeping,
But my soul is mortal hovering;
Now in life immortal hovering;
Far away I roam.
This was but my house, my covering,
'Tis no more my home;
This was but the cage that bound me,
The bird, have flown;
This was but the shell around me,
I, the pearl, am gone.
Over me, as o'er treasure,
Had a spell been cast;
God hath opened at His pleasure,
I am free at last.
Thanks and praise to Him be given,
Who hath set me free.
Now for evermore in Heaven,
Shall my dwelling be;
There I stand his face beholding,
With the saints in light;
From future, past, unfolding,
In that radiant bright.
Tolling through the plain I leave you,
I have journeyed on,
From your tents, why should I grieve you,
Friends, to find me gone?
Look ye, ye vision-fancied peris,
Lest the shell decay,
Break the cage, destroy the garment,
I am far away.
Call not this my death I pray you,
My life of life;

Goal of all my weary wanderings,
End of all my strife.
Think of God with love for ever,
Know His name is love;
Come to Him, distrust Him never,
He rewards above.
I behold each deathless spirit,
All your ways I view.
Lo! the portion I inherit,
Is reserved for you."

Mediumship, Magnetized Papers used for Development.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, DEAR SISTER:—I received your letter of Feb. 24th, last night, with the enclosed magnetic papers. I am writing now to report a result which will interest you. I was the first paper you sent me, and on consecutive nights. A few minutes after I put them on for the eleventh time, I felt my hand begin to move. I immediately took pencil and paper and two brief messages were written out, but so slowly that they took nearly three hours. One writer (my late wife) said she should see the left hand in future, and has done so since, for the next evening my left hand suddenly moved whilst I was reading, and wrote "Shame on you to read when your wife is here." Now comes a question I must ask you to kindly answer. Various of these spirits claiming to be my hand, state that they are soon going to entrance me, for use as a lecturer. One claiming to be Prof. Farraday, wrote very rapidly, and began by ordering me to stop using tobacco at once, which command I obeyed. As you were so correctly impressed concerning my having a writing medium, would you much like your impressions as to my becoming a semi-trance speaker; and if so, whether I shall need a further supply of your magnetized papers. I am perfectly willing to be of service to my fellow mortals, but shall demand a proof of this asserted spirit-power before devoting myself to the task. I would send for more papers with this, but do not know until I hear from you, whether they are needed. I wore the newly received papers last night, but most singularly, had no movement of my hands, or even any particular sensations, though I much desired a communication.

That your magnetism should have thus traveled over one thousand miles, and produced a safe and successful development, is assuredly not one of the least of the marvels of this 19th century.

Yours very sincerely,
CHARLES DAWBORN.
Stanwich, Conn., March 1st, 1874.

HAD COUGH CURED.

DEAR MRS. ROBINSON:—Inclosed is a lock of my sister's hair, Mrs. Abby, who has been induced by me to apply to you for help. She is 40 years old, and has a lung complaint and cough of long standing. She has expended much money for different kinds of medicines, none of which have done her any good. It is through me that she has been prevailed upon, as a last resort for health, to appeal to you and your spirit guides. You will please examine her case. Direct to me at the above address, and I will be responsible to you for the three dollars, which shall be forthcoming in a few days. You will recollect that I applied to you two years ago, for relief of a lung affection, which you cured by your prescription, hence I have great hopes that my sister will receive benefit from your angel guides through you.

Yours affectionately,
WM. STACKHOUSE.
East Cambridge, Ill., Feb. 9th, 1874.

Singular Occurrence.

A very singular occurrence happened, one day last week, in the family of Mr. Stephen Bailey, residing on the "twenty mile stream," about two miles from Proctorsville. It was this: Mrs. Bailey brought a pail of milk from the pantry into the kitchen to perform her usual duty. She took the cream from the milk, putting the cream into another dish. After skimming the milk she laid the spoon bottom side up in the dish of cream, and taking the pan of milk, she started with it for the stove. At the time she reached the stove she heard the spoon rattle, and turning round her husband came into the room at that moment—saw the spoon drop at his feet. Mr. B. said he saw the spoon, as he entered the room, rise from the dish nearly to the ceiling and then drop at his feet. No one was near the spoon when it performed this strange feat, there being no one in the house at the time but the aged couple. This may seem to some a fictitious story, but it is true. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey are well known here and elsewhere, and are considered by all their acquaintances as honest and "truthful," and so they are; but the performance of the spoon is a mystery to all the neighbors here.—Wind-sor (Vt.) Journal.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notice for this Department will be charged at the rate of ten cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Passed to spirit-life from Spring Brook, Wis., Feb. 23d, of congestion of the lungs or paralysis, CHARLES BOLDS, in his 66th year.

Mrs. H. W. B.

Passed to spirit-life from Granger, N. Y., Feb. 26th, Z. CHAPMAN, aged 70 years.
He passed on as he had lived here, a full believer in Modern Spiritualism. He chose not to hear any theological remarks made over his cast-off garment, and for that reason this Christian community allowed it to go unattended to the grave, except by those whose duty it was to place dust with dust.

O. W. F.

Passed to spirit-life from Barron county, Wis., Feb. 18th, Mrs. Anna MONTGOMERY PATRICK, wife of Jason Patrick, aged 72 years.
She was an adopted daughter of E. L. MONTGOMERY, a little orphan ward that drifted to our home and blessed it. While yet child, as the gates of heaven were ajar, she would describe the loved ones on the other shore. Her soul seemed enraptured with the beatitudes of the Spirit-land. Many precious words have been noted and written by her hand, in lofty inspirations, and although her earthly life was short with us, yet it yielded us golden treasures, a thousand-fold for all our care. She returned to us on the day of the funeral and testified that she was not dead, that Spiritualism was true, and that she would often be with us.

S. M.

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The work clearly shows MAN has ever made, a God in his image, and has conceived him to be in harmony with his own mind, and has created him, and that man has only through his own nature, his God was bloodthirsty and combative.

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NO. 2

[Concluded on 8th page.]

W. H. MUMLER,
170 West Springfield street Boston

Essays, etc., on the Social Question, will be published in this department, if deemed worthy, and in the order received from contributors.

An Appeal to Mrs. Elvira Hull.

BY A YOUNG MAN.

MADAM:—Pardon my presumption in addressing you thus publicly, but my concern for the future of my race, and the good of the present generation, has prompted me to issue this appeal to you in behalf of truth, honor and virtue. I have read your "experience" or confession made to the world over your signature, and to say I was surprised thereat, does not, in the least, express my feelings in regard thereto. Oh! how I pitied the feelings of one hitherto looked upon as so good and pure, that could prompt the publication of an avowal so fraught with danger and so full of false teachings to the rising youth of the land. You are a mother, have under your protecting care, loved and darling daughters. Did you ever think what feelings must be theirs, when reading the "Experience" of their mother? Can you realize the intense sorrow that must pervade their young lives when reading such a confession from one they love most dearly, their own dear mother? Your daughter, may be, is just blooming into womanhood, and making her entrance into the gay scenes and walks of a prudish society. Would you blot her life's happiness by such an avowal? Could you have the finger of detection pointed at her, and hear the chilling remark that "her mother was a self-avowed and practical free lover," and feel no heart aches thereby? Could you see her slighted and insulted because, forsooth, she would be regarded as her mother, and feel no compunction thereat? She probably is ready for her husband, intelligence, or goodness of heart; could you throw in the way of her future life happiness a thought, or mar her grand prospective future with a remark that would cause her to be avoided by the good, true, and the beautiful in this life. Would you say aught that might lessen the respect of one for her goodness, purity or virtue? Then pause, I entreat you, in the course you have taken and reflect, seriously, earnestly, and solemnly reflect on the past, and turn again into the paths of perfect virtue from which mistaken duty has allured you.

Under the great wrong you have done your children by an immediate public avowal that your untimely "Experience" was the unthought-of production of momentary reflection and the life thoughts and feelings of years devoted to the study of socialism.

Did you ever think that, oh! how many, would read your confession, and by it be led into a practice believed to be right, without intelligence sufficient to restrain their propensities, and be carried down the dark, dreary road, until they land in the vortex of human misery and human degradation at the foot of the ladder? How chilling the thought that our own daughters, those we love most dearly, those we prize so dearly, will be the victims of the false and false devotees. That those innocent, pure-hearted and devoted girls will be carried off in the whirlpool of excitement, induced by such "Experiences" as you publish, is a reflection too great to be borne without pang of conscience. It is to be feared that the future of mankind to think that one in a hundred rectitude I always had so much confidence, should advocate a doctrine so destructive to the morality of the young, and so undermining to the very foundation upon which a free government could be perpetuated.

I am but a young man, though I have seen much of this world. I have been thrown into all classes of society, and in the position I have been called upon to fill in the last four years, have had many chances to study the case, and the cases which led to many women have been carried off by the vortex of women whom I have asked the question: What brought you to this? the answer has been nine times out of ten, "I was seduced and then deserted, and here I am." I have seen many of these poor creatures, have seen many of these poor creatures, beautiful and intelligent, and calculated to grace, as wife and mother, the best circle of society, but for the invidious enemy of maidenly virtue, free love! How I have sometimes pitied them! Oh! how I have sometimes pitied their friends, especially their mother, who must break down under the excessive weight of grief to know her daughter is thus abandoned to shame. When viewing this picture of dark despair, how cheerful and happy must be the thought that our dear ones are safe within the protecting folds of domestic love. Ah, my dear Mrs. Hull, how much more happy would your children be, had not free love with its blasting and scorching breath entered your family circle. How much more beautiful to you all to know that your love was bound up in each other, and that no stranger could share your joys, or drink at the sweet flowing fountain of that pure, constant and perpetual love, which poured from the domestic circle of your happy home.

Is a darling sister, and there is another dearer to me than sister, and those pure lives and ardent affections, are yet symbols of truth and purity, and worlds could not purchase of me the knowledge that free love and its votaries have got, nor never will, blacken their young lives. If there is no other reason, if there could be no other cause produced, this world of itself be sufficient to impress my mind, with the false glitter of free love generalities.

When we only take into consideration ourselves, knowing our own ability to meet promptly and properly this social viper, it does not seem to be so dreadful; but how we, how dare we, leave outside the pale of our meditations, the young men and women whose immature minds have not the protecting counselor of age and experience to shield them from the poisonous fangs of a social reptile, forced into the domestic circle by those, like you, who took no thought of the future, nor remembered in mercy the young and thoughtless?

Did you ever reflect how sorrowful must be the feelings of your own mother when the news-terrible, withering, crushing news—first reached her ear that her daughter was a practical free lover?

Perhaps you are an only child, and are the recipient of a mother's undivided love—how can you so grieve her heart, and bring the scalding tears of grief and agony to her aged eyes? If she has passed over the shining river; if so, all the more should be the sorrow of the daughter. But I must close. My feelings overpower me. In kindness, they have been dictated. In love have I written, and in sadness and sorrow at the cause which calls forth this appeal.

Marysville, Mo.

How the Lambs are Led to the Slaughter.

BY W. CURRIER.

In reading the account of Burr and Blannerhasset, the mind is forcibly impressed with the wide diversity between the condition of Blannerhasset and his family in their peaceful

and happy home, loving and beloved, surrounded with every comfort which a munificent fortune could purchase—and their unfortunate state after that cunning debauchee and treason-ploting villain, Aaron Burr, gained admittance to their home and confidence. While honor and justice ruled the family circle, they shared all the pleasures which innocence, culture, refinement and wealth could yield; but when the subtle tempter came with his ambitious dreams of power that led to ruin, then ruin, desolation and misery, settled as a dark cloud, upon the Blannerhasset family.

Have we not, to-day, in the person of Mrs. Woodhull, one who is even more inimical to the peace of families, than was the libidinous and treacherous Burr?

In *Woodhull's Weekly* of October 4, 1873, Mr. and Mrs. Beech, of Brooklyn, write to Mrs. Woodhull, that they first purchased some of her papers, from curiosity, to know what the fanatics were about; but it seems they soon became enamored of her social theories.

Mr. Beech says: "My wife and I are among the comparative few who have not found the marriage relation one of unhappiness; nearly nine years of married life, having proved to us that we made no mistake in coming together, and each year dependent upon strengthening our love. Notwithstanding this very satisfactory condition of affairs, these two verdant lambs, suddenly discover that they have been living in galling bonds of slavery, all of which they were as lightly as a feather, and they are now, as we have learned of the broad expansion of sexual freedom; but, thereupon, they publish their protest, declaring that 'the laws found on the statute books of our country, regulating marriage and divorce, are unholy and unjust; and, believing that love should be free, we do hereby, as in consideration of the sum of one dollar by each paid to each, yield up all rights supposed to have been conferred by the so-called marriage laws, and we renounce all claims upon each other, save those arising from our mutual love, and in regard to which we claim the sole right to life judgment.'"

It is certainly a sad mistake to call any woman a reformer, who prints a paper which influences persons living happily in married life, to promptly set all aside, and at once venture upon a system of prostitution. To call such an individual a reformer, would be to blunder as badly as did the Irishman, who informed his friend, that his daughter was a fine lady, lived in the city, went in the best of society, and they called her harlot. One need not, necessarily, be cousin to a prophet to be able to predict that this harlot, who, in the first nine years, in the course of the coming nine years in their domestic incidents, will encounter Scylla and Charybdis, hear the roar of the mad cyclone, and meet the lifted dirge and the sad of the fearful symphony which surrounds the pilgrim.

The wisdom of humanity predicated upon the observation of facts, proves that virtue, integrity, sincerity and fidelity are indispensable elements of character in reaching domestic peace.

A holocaust of promiscuity or sensuality is in any case religious, is simply an insult to the judgment of all spiritual minded persons. The facts are that "to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Consequently, the further a religious man keeps from anything approaching the sensual, the better for the individual and for society; and, perhaps, there is not a truly, spiritual minded person in existence who may not understand this truth equally as well as Paul.

If there is a class of persons who desire to make promiscuity a fundamental plank in their religious platform, and claim that sensuality is the culminating excellence of all spirituality, then let them stand aloof by themselves, and we shall see if such utter rottenness can successfully stand alone, without seeking to be bolstered by the rights and integrity of the many thousands, if not millions, who utterly ignore and despise the entire Woodhull theory as the saddest of all departures from spiritual life.

The heterogeneous and unscrupulous herd at the Chicago convention, claimed that they had taken themselves quite out of Spiritualism into socialism; and yet they attempted to wrap Spiritualism around their dirty craft, by naming it the "Universal Spiritual Society," when its proper name should be "A Society for the Advancement of the Promulgation of Universal Prostitution."

The traveler who desired the landlady to place the hair and old bits of dish cloth on a separate plate from the butter, certainly made a sensible request; and if there must be, in the world, anything so contrary to the laws of free love, then, let it stand on a separate plate so that it has any real excellence, there may be no obstruction to a fair and unimpeded view of it.

Trenton, New Jersey.

Lycium Anniversary.

The celebration of the Eighth Anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lycium of the First Society of Spiritualists, occurred on the evening of Feb. 26th, in Grow's Opera Hall. As the children of this Lycium have been taking lessons in dancing during the past winter, they were given them a grand quadrille party on this occasion. It was more thoroughly enjoyable one, it has never been my lot to attend. The little folks, to the number of about sixty couples, appeared early in the evening in masques, and in varied, and in many cases, beautiful, and brilliant costumes, and occupied the floor of the hall, while the parents and friends filled the gallery, where a good view of the movements of these little gentlemen and ladies, many of whom were not over four years of age, could be obtained. It was truly wonderful as well as amusing to note the precision as well as the gracefulness which marked the performance of each one as they appeared in the "quadrille." "Portland Fancy," and other fancy dances, which were introduced on this occasion.

At 10 P. M. the masques were removed, and the children of larger growth were invited to join the festivities, which was accepted with a right good will, and thus passed off the largest, and most pleasant, and most satisfactory Anniversary celebration has been given by the Lycium since its organization in Feb. 1866.

Our Society and Lycium were never in a more flourishing condition than at present. Although there are two other Lyciums in this city, both organized under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, and have since become independent organizations. Our Lycium is again overflowing with members, and arrangements are being made to again duplicate the groups, which will give us twenty-six instead of fourteen groups as now organized. At the last annual election, which was held on the first Sunday in March, there were no changes made, with the exception of the election of Dr. Samuel Maxwell, as conductor. As the Dr. has had much experience in the Lycium cause, we have great confidence in his administration.

Chicago, Ill. S. J. AVERY, M. D.

CANCER

Can Be Cured.

DR. G. D. BEBBS, formerly Medical Director United States Army, and Professor of Surgery for many years in a Medical College in Chicago, may be consulted regarding cases of Cancer, or any Tumors the nature of which is not fully understood.

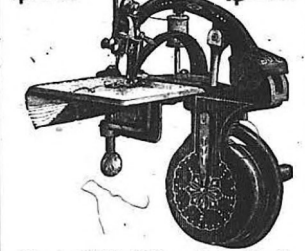
Dr. Beebe had a remarkable degree of success in the treatment of cancerous diseases and is able to GUARANTEE A RADICAL CURE in a large proportion of cases. Call before 10 a. m., or address G. D. BEBBS, 363 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill. v10m113

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THE SUBSCRIBER having been for many years a terrible sufferer from some of the worst forms of Toothache, was at last relieved by the prescription of an old friend of his. For twenty years he has had no toothache at all. Consequently he feels that he can WARRANT THE PRESCRIPTION AS A PAINLESS PREVENTIVE OF TOOTHACHE.

I will send the Prescription to any address on the receipt of \$1.00. Address La Porte, Indiana. v14m9

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OR,

A TRUE HISTORY

OF THE

Man Called Jesus Christ

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ON THE EARTH.

By Paul and Judas, THROUGH

Alexander Smyth, Medium.

of Philadelphia, by the spirits taking possession of him about one hour in every twenty-four, usurping all his powers, giving a continued series of well connected scenes, presenting scenery, characters and persons, dialogue, and actions in their regular order and succession, embracing all the most important personages and incidents which occurred during the sojourn of Jesus while upon earth. There was probably no book ever written in which such perfect life-pictures occur; every city and country village, every river, brook and mountain, and scenery in general, is so vividly portrayed that an actual journey through the country could hardly be more interesting. The characters in this unexampled drama are so faithfully portrayed, that, as you are introduced to each in turn, you are well acquainted and delighted with your company, and the many points of interest you are called to visit. The book is replete with interest from beginning to end and has already passed through several editions when the plates were entirely destroyed in the Great Fire, since then we have had to re-produce the work from our subscribers and the trade. The edition about to be issued will be far superior to all others, and will be sold at a low price, and we shall print a large edition to enable us to supply standing orders and all new demands. 12 Mo., 326 pages, cloth bound. Price \$2.00, postage free. For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Adams st., & 5th Ave., Chicago.

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GREAT EXCITEMENT

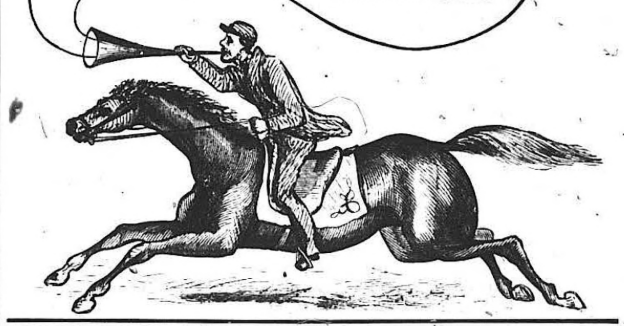
AT

JEFFERSON MILLS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

THE BLIND SEE!

THE LAME WALK!

THE LEPER IS CLEANS!



JEFFERSON MILLS, N. H., March 11, 1874.—PROF. FAYTON SPENCE:

DEAR SIR—YOUR POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS are creating a great excitement here. It can truly be said, in my own person, that the Blind see, the Lame walk, and the Leper is cleansed. I had the Leprosy for thirty years in my legs, arms, hand, and nearly all over my body. After taking your Positive Powders about four days I showed up my sleeve to see how my arm looked, and to my utter astonishment the Leprosy had nearly all disappeared, and my arm and body are clean. The Catarrh in my head is arrested. They cured my lungs, that were shot up and nearly all over me, so that I could not raise my right arm any more, or put on my vest. I can say hold it in my position. My legs I could only walk with difficulty on any way. I now travel quite easily. By overdoing last fall, I brought on a Pain about the Heart, and it would beat a few beats and then stop and start again. I could not lie on it. The powders have not all right. A few years ago, from overstraining my eye and a blow on the other I became Blind, so that I could not know a person in the same room. Now I can read the large words in your Circular; yet I took only two Boxes of Negative. On Thursday I called on Mr. Bowles, who had been sick about two years; and his wife was sick from taking salomel. Her limbs were swollen to her body. She could do nothing or go about the house. I could not prevail on him to use the Powders. On my way there I met Mr. Woodward, who is acquainted with the Powders, having used them and seen their good effect. He said, "I will give you a Box of Positive Powders, and see how you get on." He was greatly surprised, on inquiry she said she took one of Spence's Positive Powders the night before; it eased all her pain, and she slept like a pig. He said he never saw two persons so dated in his life. Please send me six Dozen more Boxes. Yours truly,

A. H. KNIGHT.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY.

In the course of a large experience with the Positive and Negative Powders, I have found them almost infallible in all acute diseases, particularly Fevers of all kinds, such as the Bilious Inflammation, Typhoid, Congestion of the Lungs, Scarlet Fever, etc. I have also found them infallible in Bowel Complaints and Nervous Headaches. I have also proved the Ointment recommended to be made of the Positive Powders (according to Rule the tenth) to be magical in its effects on all kinds of Sores and Erysipelas. DR. T. E. JONES, formerly of North Adams, now of Amesbury, Mass. One box of your Positive Powders cured David Willington of a pain in his stomach of 8 years' standing. Mrs. E. Cladla was cured by the Negative Powders of Numbness, or Palsy, of 12 years' duration. The Powders cured Mrs. H. Cladla of Neuralgia. They also cured a lady of Painful Menstruation when given up as past cure. In cases of Parturition (Child-birth), I consider them of great value. DR. JULIA WILLIAMS, Practical Midwife, East Braintree, Vt. I myself have been afflicted with Rheumatism and Heart Disease for three years, during which time I have not been able to labor. I have taken two boxes and a half of your Positive Powders. My Rheumatism is gone and the Heart Disease much relieved. DR. A. J. COREY, Great Bend, Pa. I think there is no medicine in the world like the Positive and Negative Powders. MRS. DR. GARRISON, Newton, N. J. In Ague and Chills I consider them unequalled. J. P. WATTS, M.D., Benet, Ill. Your Positive and Negative Powders seem to be quite a mystery—no marked action—yet they cure. I have some patients who can't live without them, as nothing else has ever benefited them. C. D. H. HARRIS, M.D., Fort Springs, Miss. They are peculiarly adapted to the female constitution. DR. L. HAKES, Orono, N. Y.

Consumption,

SCROFULA AND CATARRH

Cured.

Jane Worley was cured of Scrofula, of 15 years standing with 4 Boxes of your Positive Powders, in three weeks, having had five Doctors before. Her ankles were swollen and running sores; in fact, it was all over her body.—(MARTIN WORLEY, New Petersburg, Ohio.)

Five Boxes of Positive Powders have cured a little girl of a very bad case of Scrofula.—(R. McElra, Fayetteville, N. C.)

The daughter of Henry E. Lepper was afflicted with Scrofulous Sores for several years. Much of the time she could not see the light, drip, or a ring, your Positive Powders, her eyes, to all appearance, were well, and she remained so.—(GILBERT THOMAS, Orono, Maine.)

I had running Scrofulous sores on my face for 2 years, and could not cure. I tried all the best doctors I could get, but no cure or help until I took your Positive Powders. I am now about well.—(JOHN W. KENDALL, Bedford, N. H.)

I have cured Mrs. Anna Wright of Inherited Scrofula, with 3 Boxes of the Positive Powders.—(EMMA PRINGLE, Beaver Dam, Wis.)

Mother had the Catarrh in her head so bad that, when lying down, she could hear it go drip, drip, or a ring. Your Positive Powders cured her. They have cured my Catarrh in the head also.—(MISS E. M. HIGGINS, Burlington, N. C.)

I have raised one man from the dead with two Boxes of your Positive Powders. He is J. W. Nuttle of this place, who had what the Doctors called the "Cure of Consumption." They said he could not live long. He is now well for us, a well man.—(G. W. HALL, New Orleans, Ind.)

Triumphant Victory

OVER

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

A short time since my mother tried your Positive Powders for Dyspepsia and Indigestion, and she ate a piece of apple as large as a hazel-nut, and would not stop at a particle all night, but was very well, and very happy. She is entirely well.—(J. C. MOWAT, Stockton, Minn.)

Five Boxes of your Positive Powders cured a man of a very bad case of the Dyspepsia on his foot and hand.—(JOHN O. HANSEN, Portland, Me.)

During the last ten years I could not use butter, pork, or any kind of food, but now they agree with me as well as they ever did.—(F. P. MALLAN, M. P., Maple Springs, Va.)

I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for near 20 years of my life, and for many years have to restrict myself to the most rigid course of dieting, not eating a meal of food, or anything that was seasoned with salt, or any kind of food. Your Positive Powders relieved me of all my symptoms of Dyspepsia. I now eat anything that is common without suffering any inconvenience whatever.—(CLY. L. JILLAN, M.D., Brimfield, Ark.)

No More Headache, Neu-

ralgia, or Rheumatism.

I have been troubled with the Neuralgia for the last 15 years, and at times have been laid up with for six weeks at a time. I have used your Positive Powders for Neuralgia, and Sick Headache, and Rheumatism, and have been suffering nearly 40 years with Chronic Headache, and often resorted to Chloroform to get temporary relief; but the paroxysms would return as soon as the Chloroform wore off. After using your Positive Powders, I can say with others that they came like an angel of mercy in the night time.—(MRS. M. A. KALLAM, New York City.)

I had a severe attack of Neuralgia last week, and I stopped it in 10 minutes with your Positive Powders.—(J. M. HARRIS, New York City.)

When I commenced taking your Powders, I had Spinal Complaint of nearly 30 years standing; also Rheumatism, Sciatica, Rheumatism, and Erysipelas. I am now well of all. Oh, I do think them the most wonderful medicine ever given to man. I have been a sufferer from Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, and Erysipelas, all kinds of Rheumatism, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body; CATARRH, NEURALGIA, BRUISES, CROUPS, COLIC, SCROFULA, NERVOUSNESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc.

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Five Boxes of your Positive Powders cured a man of a very bad case of the Dyspepsia on his foot and hand.—(JOHN O. HANSEN, Portland, Me.)

During the last ten years I could not use butter, pork, or any kind of food, but now they agree with me as well as they ever did.—(F. P. MALLAN, M. P., Maple Springs, Va.)

I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for near 20 years of my life, and for many years have to restrict myself to the most rigid course of dieting, not eating a meal of food, or anything that was seasoned with salt, or any kind of food. Your Positive Powders relieved me of all my symptoms of Dyspepsia. I now eat anything that is common without suffering any inconvenience whatever.—(CLY. L. JILLAN, M.D., Brimfield, Ark.)

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

The Dark Side of Life, or What Is Evil?

NUMBER II.

In this country, we are favored with a yearly Thanksgiving. Christians, Spiritualists, those piously and reverentially inclined, have excited within them a deep devotion, and they thank God for the warm, genial sunshine, refreshing breezes, the invigorating showers, and for bountiful harvests! Some kneel when engaged in devotional exercises; others stand erect with clasped hands and closed eyes; others turn their vision upward as if they saw the throne of God, and others prostrate themselves lengthwise on the floor or ground—as if "position" could influence God! This devotion is excited within them by surrounding circumstances, and they give expression thereto in solemn earnestness.

When men pray, they have an object they wish to attain—a desire which they wish to realize—and they expect their pious efforts to change God, which would be equivalent to influencing the whole universe, for he is in all things, and whatever movement he makes within himself, must necessarily effect every part of his organic structure; hence, to effect him, to induce him to answer your requests, is equivalent to exciting into action every inch of space. Can you assist any one without moving your whole organism in harmonious action? Can God respond to your tender appeals without bringing into requisition every part of his infinite nature? It is no easy effort, then, on the part of the Most High, to answer the invocations that are daily transmitted to him—in fact, it is not impossible? See the condition of affairs on earth! Glance at Bengal—desolation on all sides! Starvation, ghastly starvation stares you in the face. Look at the glaring eyes, sunken cheek, sad, wan expression of countenance, that greet you on all sides. The native land-owners state in their memorial to the Viceroy, that "the food supply for 60,000,000 of people is four months short." The figures of the colonial authorities are less alarming than these, but sufficiently grave to excite the most serious apprehensions. They show that a population of 26,000,000 have only a third, or less than a third, of an average crop; that 10,000,000 will have half an average, and 30,000,000 an average crop or three-fourths of a full one. Looked at in the light of either set of calculations, the prospect is gloomy and the task of the Indian government most responsible. This extensive failure of the food of a whole people, has come at a time when stocks of rice are unusually low, and the sufferings of the population most affected cannot be relieved by the superfluity of their nearest neighbors. Should the pressure last only the four months that are spoken of, those 26,000,000 of people must be provided in some way with 2,400 tons of rice a day, or large numbers of them will inevitably be left to perish.

The natives pray to Vishnu, and their prayers only receive a mocking response. Call them heathens, will you? Who is responsible for this famine, this intense suffering on the part of the inhabitants of Bengal?

Who gives abundant harvests? Who causes a failure in the crops?

Who sends the genial rain to invigorate the earth? Who causes a drouth, resulting in parching vegetation, drying up wells, causing the bubbling spring to shrink with fear deep down in the earth?

Who built that towering volcano, constructed its subterranean caverns of fire and recesses of molten lava? Who caused it to vomit forth its sulphurous flames, spreading devastation in its pathway?

Who made that vast ocean, its waters so beautiful, calm, on which the vessel of the merchant is gliding peacefully, safely along? Who caused those waves to roll mountain high, dashing furiously forward as if actuated by a demon, and engulfing the ocean steamer in ruins, with its precious cargo of men, women and children?

Who made that beautiful island in the Gre-

cian Archipelago, animated it with life, prosperity, and happiness? Who submerged it in the ocean with its human cargo?

Who sent the life-giving rain during the last Summer on our prosperous country? Who withheld it in Bengal?

Who originated the potato, that most excellent article of diet? Who caused the potato rot in Ireland, resulting in so many starvings? Who made man? Who made that tape-worm that lies in his stomach, resulting in his death?

Who sustains this earth, as it glides regularly through space? Who justifies it with earthquakes, devastates it with volcanoes, inundates it with rain, starves it with drouth, causes the crops to fail, and thousands to starve?

Who made that man prosperous and happy, surrounding him with a beautiful, affectionate family? Who made that poverty-stricken, poorly-clad, half-starved, illiterate husband, wife, and children?

Who causes health to bloom in the atmosphere, and manifest itself in various departments of life? Who caused the epidemic at Memphis, resulting in the death of so many innocent men, women, and children?

And who created the mirage by which the ill-fated Ville de Havre was wrecked by another steamer? We pause here. Oh! what a fearful disaster, and that, too, caused by a deceiving law of God—an illusion, called in Northern languages *kimmung*! It is simply an optical illusion, causing objects in the distance to be seen double, as if reflected in a mirror, or to appear as if suspended in the air.

This illusion is often experienced by the unfortunate traveler in the desert—this deceiving mirage—optical phantom, presents to them in the distance an appearance of bubbling springs, and the jaded horses and camels, are turned in that direction, strengthened with the hope of relief. As they approach the desired locality, the enchanting scenes vanish, the bewitching picture no longer presents itself to their view, and disheartened at their mistake, they find that a law of God, an immutable law of the Infinite One, had deceived them! God presented to the enraptured vision the appearance of cooling springs, rich pastures, shady groves, and relief for the weary travelers, only to result in their complete destruction!

In Lower Egypt this optical illusion is frequently observed; also in Persia, Tartary, on the plains of Mexico, and not unfrequently on the ocean, where these images can be discerned of the same object. This mirage has been personified by the Sicilian fishermen, being represented as a fairy, "Fata Morgana," and she is greatly feared, on account of leading the unsuspecting boatman away, through the instrumentality of her fictitious reflections. As the mist rises from the ocean, she originates her delusive phantoms, they rise from the sea like an image caused by a magic lantern, and as they come forth during severe weather, they prove more dangerous to unsuspecting parties. These images gradually assume the form of ships, castles, towers, etc., and are capable of deceiving the most astute minds. These evanescent objects, through the instrumentality of the agitation in the water and air, appear in motion themselves, and lead those navigating the ocean into great danger.

The people of Denver, Col., were recently treated to a mirage; the sight was provokingly brief, but very grand. The *News* of that place describes the objects reproduced as follows: "A double or reversed image of the Rocky Mountains, from Mount Vernon to Gatche la Poudre, and from the foot-hills back to the grandest peaks, was suspended in the air on the east of the city, and apparently just bound the uttermost houses. The refraction was so perfect that those who saw the mirage were actually puzzled to distinguish between the real and the fictitious mountains. The lovely but unsubstantial picture, with its heaped up beauties in endless variety, was quickly dissipated, the white turban of Long Peak being the last object to vanish."

Who, we ask, made the law whereby men should be led into the arms of death? Did the passengers and crew of the Ville de Havre thank God for this optical illusion, this mirage or the existence of the Sicilian fairy, "Fata Morgana"? He was the author thereof, and why not thank him that it exists? Why not praise him devoutly for his ingenuity in making such a complete deception whereby human beings could be engulfed in ruin? Why not let your thanks ascend as high as heaven and as deep as hell? But that is a rough expression! It seems harsh indeed! But what does the Bible say?

I make peace and create evil. I the Lord do all these things. (Is. 45: 7).
And God repented the evils he had done. (Jonah 3: 10).
I am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the parents on the third and fourth generation. (Ex. 20: 25).
The Lord God put a lying spirit in the mouths of all these, thy prophets. (1 Kings 22: 28).

Do they not show the character of the Orthodox God, and demonstrate conclusively that he is the author of what is commonly designated as evil? Why not let your thanks embrace all things and not select that which merely suits your capricious taste?

(To be continued.)

DR. D. P. KAYNER. The friends throughout the country, in making their arrangements for lectures this Spring and the coming season, should not forget that Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., is one of the ablest and most eloquent advocates of pure Spiritualism now in the field. He would like to lecture during April and May in the Southern part of Illinois. The Doctor is also a good Clairvoyant. Let societies that desire scientific, logical and inspirational lectures on Spiritualism, correspond with him at once.

A SICKENING SPECTACLE.

Advocates of Free-Love Holding High Carnival—Disguised as Reformers They Seek to Overturn Society.

Repeal of the Marriage Laws the Means by which the World is to be Revolutionized—A Discussion that Serves the Attention of the Police, or the Authorities of the Insane Asylum.

Our readers will bear in mind that while the Chicago Times fairly deals with Spiritualism, it does not countenance such infamous sentiments as the social freedomites put forth.

The above is the title to the Chicago Sunday Times' report of the Moses-Woodhull meeting recently held at Chicago.

We do not propose to fill our columns with a full report of the purulent matter which fell from the lips of that class of people who have dared disgrace upon Spiritualism, and degraded love to the plane of beastly sensuality.

Scarcely a speaker outside of the ranks of the affinity shriekers of the Moses-Woodhull tribe, opened his or her mouth in the convention, and very few, who sympathize with pure Spiritualism at all, went inside the hall during the meeting. The gathering was composed of social free-lovers, and a class from the streets who like insects, crows, and turkey-buzzards that gather upon filthy carcasses, went there for the nastiness which they knew would bludge their ears.

The active element in running the convention was Mrs. Julia H. Severance, Moses Hull, the would be martyr, E. V. Wilson, C. W. Stewart, O. J. Howard, the figure-head of the convention, who wanted the public to know that he was a Moses-Woodhullite by publicly requesting his vote to be recorded for Woodhull the day after she had been elected, C. W. Stewart, one Dolliston, Mrs. Briggs, who had been a Shakerite, and Pete West, the last to be mentioned not the least dirty, and whom the daily *Inter Ocean* reporter says "proceeded to denounce God and the Bible, and one S. S. Jones as liars."

Pete has been to California and Boston, besides spending a considerable time at one of our charitable institutions, where the hair is cut and clothing of many colors is furnished free, and doubtless is fully aware that we have a large charity for that class, and that we make great sacrifices to furnish them the *JOURNAL FREE*, for their reformation. But he just a very little overdoes the thing when he places us in the high category above named, even if he does give us such a violent letting-down as mentioned in the closing sentence of his modest little speech.

But Pete won't accuse us of lying when we plainly say that the laws of our State which he and his consociators so much despise, don't take the evidence of men who have been convicted of felony. Hence, his denunciations will require evidence from competent witnesses.

One Dolliston proceeded to declare his opposition to the dual marriage. Love requires more than one object, said he.

Mrs. Severance's husband, by his psychometric powers, had found that husbands and wives lived in a poisonous state! Quite likely he has realized it with some of his natural powers, inasmuch as both he and his wife are social freedomites! It is more than probable that all husbands and wives who teach and practice social freedom, "find themselves living in a poisoned state."

The head of this Severance family, Mrs. J. H. Severance, said she took "a great deal of stock in love."

An aged free lover by the name of Bently, said, what he wanted to talk about was love. If he found himself loving another man's wife, what, he would inquire, are you going to do about it?

T. S. A. Pope, from Grand Rapids, Mich., said, the disposition of the tyrant husband was to kick his wife out of doors when she proved unfaithful. He had formerly thought he had some right to guide his wife, but he had finally come to the conclusion that when people could find their affinities, the communion would cease.

Then came a string of resolutions, entirely devoid of original thought; and not in the least degree elevating in their nature, or calculated to inspire the public in favor of the philosophy of Spiritualism.

They begin:

Resolved, "That we are Spiritualists and not Christians."

No preamble, nor explanation accompanied this resolution. We have given it entire.

No thoughtful mind doubts that the fundamental ideas of Christianity, given by the gentle Nazarene, which were few and simple, are fundamental in the philosophy of life, which Spiritualists believe in.

To love thy God with all thy might, mind and strength, to love thy neighbor as thyself, and to do unto others as you would have them do unto you, are really the fundamental principles underlying Christianity. That so-called Christian teachers have perverted and brought forms and ceremonies more prominently before the people, as the essentials of Christianity, even as these *free-lovers* have perverted love into licentiousness, is undoubtedly true. But the perversions of a corrupt priesthood does no more destroy the fundamental principles of Christianity, than does the arguments and declarations of these fanatics that *prostitution by sexual freedom* is the highest code of moral ethics, undermine the principles of the philosophy of life.

Our philosophy not only recognizes the fundamental principles of Christianity, but all truths in nature, which the civilization and the enlightenment of the human mind, in the past has brought, and is now continually bringing to view.

This band of social freedomites who assembled and professed to speak in the name of the Spiritualists of Northern Illinois, but who in fact were mostly from Wisconsin, Michigan, and other States, to make their position clear and distinct in opposition to law, order and decency, voted down the following resolution:

Resolved, "That we recognize the monogamic law of marriage under legal and just regulations as the higher form of social life."

As against the adoption of the last resolution several *seized* eloquent; prominent among whom were Mrs. J. H. Severance, of Wisconsin, (the free-and-easy wife of the equally yielding husband, J. H. Severance, who has experienced by his psychometric powers the diseases incident to married life), one Cole, and the Rev. Moses Hull-Woodhull. He waxed warm and spoke of his extensive experience in and out of the marriage relations, and found the in a failure.

Mrs. Sears, solitary and alone, favored monogamic marriage, and denounced the audacity of *free-lovers*. She must have got into the wrong pew.

The Times reporter stated that a misguided young man said he would not blush for his sentiments and had found much consolation in the relations of the glorious doctrine of free love.

Mrs. R. W. Scott Briggs let the cat out of the bag, by telling why the resolution favoring monogamic marriage was offered. An old gray haired sinner with a "licaric tooth" and "Janus faced," wanted to keep in with the Spiritualists and to clap hands with the free-lovers, had that resolution appear in his report of resolutions, for such a base purpose only.

Mrs. R. W. Scott Briggs said the resolution was only an attempt to make themselves respectable in the eyes of the church. She had lived on the communistic plan, and thought it better than marriage or celibacy. She had a husband, but she had never asked the law to sanction her marriage. The law of love had kept her and her husband together. The resolution was finally rejected.

Resolved, We believe in religious, political and "social freedom."

The lady in the wrong pew—Mrs. Sears, slipped in a little speech saying, "I protest against this resolution because Moses Hull has caused the words 'social freedom' to be misinterpreted."

Moses defended himself and presented his peculiar views.

Mrs. Sears replied by calling the big-headed Moses a false prophet.

And here another lady took the floor in favor of the marriage relations and denounced the free-lovers as sensualists. She thought Moses Hull lived in the base of his brain.

The other resolutions being common place were adopted without debate, and the meeting adjourned until evening, when it was increased to about one hundred. Wilson, Stewart, Hull and Mrs. Severance made speeches in keeping with the object of the convention.

The people should know the exact truth in regard to this so-called Northern Association of Spiritualists.

It was organized nearly two years ago. The people were generally pleased with the idea of having quarterly meetings. E. V. Wilson was prominent as its organizer. He, as he is wont to do, took the management entirely out of the hands of Dr. Kayner, who was its president. The Doctor seeing how it was drifting, quietly allowed Wilson to run it to his satisfaction. The result was, before the people came to understand how the matter was tending, an annual election of officers was had under the joint management of Mrs. Severance of Wisconsin, and E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Ill.

Dr. Kayner was dropped, and every officer elected, was taken from the ranks of well known *free-lovers*; well known to each other.

Being thus officered, a meeting was called at McHenry, Illinois, at which E. V. Wilson wrote a pressing and fulsome letter to Victoria C. Woodhull to be at the convention, offering his services to gallant her on her arrival to suitable quarters. Before the consummation of that gallant meeting and greeting, the Woodhullites generally understood that Wilson could be soddored to with certainty that it would stick. One of the simpletons, who are in the habit of hallooing before they get out of the woods, sent us an insulting letter to the effect that we had better steer our craft before the gale, meaning that Spiritualism was absorbed by Moses-Woodhullism, (Moses had just given his big-head experience), that our department editors were all sexual freedomites, etc., etc.

We published the fellow's letter and called upon the department editors to report. Our New York and Philadelphia editors did so promptly and cheerfully. A sort of response came from Wilson. We will not now take time to tell the particulars of that interview, which resulted in his saying what he did to define his position against Moses-Woodhullism. Suffice it to say that he said so much, which was well known by his associates to be contrary to his private talk to them, that they took him severely to task for it.

Since then his conduct and his article have been so much at variance, that at the commencement of the present year, we dropped the *Frontier Department* from the paper.

Three months and over ago, he called a meeting at Elgin, Ill. The Spiritualists of that town and vicinity refused to have anything to do with it unless the doctrine of *social freedom* was excluded, as no part of Spiritualism.

After a long struggle Wilson worded the call to the effect that nothing would be discussed at that meeting but that which is germane to Spiritualism.

But what was the result? The Spiritualists

soon learned that he was claiming that Moses Woodhullism was *germane* to Spiritualism. Seeing his intention to deceive them, and disgrace Spiritualism at Elgin, as they had a little before at the Annual Woodhull Meeting at Chicago, the Spiritualists kept away, and the free-lovers from Wisconsin, Michigan and Northern Illinois, were summoned to be there in force. The summons was obeyed and the result of the meeting is well known. They adjourned to meet in Chicago at this time. They have done so, and Moses Hull's presence was secured so as to leave no longer any doubt that the meeting was a free-love concern. Their resolutions show their true color on the "sexual freedom" question.

The position of the leaders, however much some of them may dodge, and try to disguise the matter, it is no longer in doubt. Postal card circulars denying the charges that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has made against them, will avail them nothing.

Every word that we have said about their true character has been fully verified by their speeches and resolutions at this Chicago meeting. The two men who appended their names to the postal card circular have only more fully shown their true Moses-Woodhullite colors, but they are convicted of attempting to misrepresent their true sentiments, and to sail under the colors of true Spiritualism, while they were but propagandists of the foul and most infamous doctrine of sexual promiscuity. We refer to E. V. Wilson and the nominal figure head for president, called Howard.

We are happy to announce to the public that the true Spiritualists of Chicago and Northern Illinois gave no countenance or support to the meeting.

The following account of the convention, on Sunday, the 15th, we clip from the Times, under the following head lines:

BUNNERS AND BAUDS.

The Lecherous Crew that Met in Grow's Opera Hall on Yesterday—Vicious Free-lovelism Vented Without Blush or Shame.

E. V. Wilson, Moses Hull, and Other Strumpets, Air Their Doctrines of Promiscuity, the Former in the Role of the Great American Egotist.

The free-lovers met again on yesterday morning at 10 o'clock in Grow's Opera House. An ignorant old ass, named

E. V. WILSON,

of Lombard, Ill., whose free-lovelism has brought him into disrepute even among many disciples of Woodhullism, delivered himself of a dreary, foolish, disconnected speech. He first made reference to the fact that it was a pleasant Sabbath morning. It was as fine a day as he would have got if he had made it himself. But he could not help thinking that among the churches the free-lovers and socialists were being abused; that wars of sects, of Protestant and Catholic churches, were being waged on this beautiful Sabbath day. This was all wrong, said the aged, old teacher. Men were unjust to fight what they could not agree with, and oppose what they could not understand. The man was tempted to shut out one single feature of nature, because it was opposed to his views, would be dictating to nature.

The speaker, without any apparent association of ideas, pitched into the Times, calling it hard names for its length over the report of the Saturday's proceedings of the free-lovers. The old fellow grew quite angry in commenting upon the objectionable lines in which the convention had been characterized as a sickening spectacle, and glowered very fiercely at the Times reporter, who felt very uncomfortable, indeed. But he supposed the Times would publish just what it pleased in spite of them, and all they might do. The old gentleman sighed as he felt the truth of this. He hoped the Spiritualists would do just as they pleased in spite of the Times, and let the churches do as they pleased. He prayed that the Spiritualists would always do as they pleased. The speaker alluded to the resolution referring to the recognition of the monogamic law of marriage, and said it had been cowardly shirked by the Chicago Spiritualists, who nearly killed the law.

The speaker then adverted to several of the worldly mishaps which had come across his career, and said he didn't thank God at all for them. The Chicago fire, the Shreveport sufferers, etc., were also spoken of as afflictions for which he would not thank God, in spite of the Bible teachings.

The speaker, after descending upon a vast range of irrelevant subjects, alluded with exultant pride to his own wonderful notoriety, which had caused his name to appear in a large number of newspapers. He had even been immortalized in the Times. He next passed to the differences between him and Woodhull, stating that he was rather neutral on some of the principles advanced by her, and had written her letters, saying that he was her enemy on a good many points. He also animadverted on the fellow Moses Hull, to whose peculiar tenets he was opposed in some respects. In conclusion, he paid a glowing eulogy to himself, stating that he had always been a good boy; never had chewed tobacco, smoked cigars, drank liquor, or done anything wicked in his sight, and was altogether quite a wonderful specimen of terrestrial human purity.

The nasty, blatant fellow named MOSES HULL, from Boston, then addressed the convention on the Spiritualism of the Bible.

A PROTEST.

I wish to set before the public, in as concise a manner as possible, the relations existing between the First Society of Spiritualists and the convention of Northern Illinois Spiritualists, which closed its session at Grow's Opera Hall on yesterday. The First Society of Spiritualists use Grow's Hall by permission of the lessees from Sunday to Sunday. They have no lease from them. The hall was leased to the Northern Illinois convention by the lessees of the hall, without the consent of said First Society, and against the wishes and wishes of a large majority, but, of course, the lessees had full right, as a pecuniary operation, to do so. The result has been what many of us have feared, that many of the speakers at that convention have sought to drag in the social question and force it upon the Spiritualists by sheer "brass." Now, as one of the society, I will here say that the First Society of Spiritualists are not in harmony with Moses Hull's and others' ideas of promiscuity, but

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